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The Shape of Things

DEBATE ON THE QUESTION OF WHO KILLED THE London conference is now in full swing. Secretary Byrnes, while restrained in his language, has placed the blame squarely on the Soviet delegation, which, he charged, sought to dictate to the other conferees. His Republican assistant, Mr. Dulles, has suggested that the Russians devised the procedural controversy to test whether American principles were stronger than the American desire for unity. In so doing, he added, they were within their rights and the result was a useful demonstration of the fact that the United States really did mean to stick to its principles. What would be more convincing, however, is a demonstration that American, and British, principles are not for export only. In Moscow, continued references to Greece remind us of the danger of name-calling by pots. Further, while on this side of the world we are very prone to accuse the Soviet government of breaking its word, Russian commentators maintain that it is Byrnes and Bevin who have violated both the spirit and the letter of the Potsdam agreement. Examination of the text shows that this charge has some technical basis. The weakness of the Soviet position lies in Molotov's willingness to proceed for ten days in accordance with a broad interpretation of the Big Three's directive to the Council of Foreign Ministers. His subsequent insistence on the text, and nothing but the text, appeared therefore as a rather obvious maneuver to outflank the solid front of the western powers.

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EVEN SO THIS MANEUVER WAS NOT A TOTAL failure from the Russian point of view. Mr. Byrnes's compromise proposals, outlined in his broadcast, seem to concede the substance of the Soviet demands on procedure. They would leave the preparatory and exploratory work on the peace settlements with the various enemy powers in each case to the signatories of the surrender terms. This would exclude France and China so far as the Balkans and Finland are concerned. But their views and those of other powers would be heard at a later conference in which not only the Big Five but all European members of the UNO, together with non-European nations which had given substantial military aid during the war, would take part. This plan appears to meet the objection raised by *Pravda*: If France is to share in Balkan treaty-making, why not Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Yugoslavia, which are more intimately affected? Not only these states but the Ukraine and White Russia would be eligible members of the suggested conference. On such lines there appears some hope of loosening the procedural knots tied in London. The basic problem, how to soften the mutual suspicions of Russia and the west, remains.

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The best that can be said is that London has highlighted the difficulties of collaboration and the dangers of disunity.

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THE SUCCESS OF THE WORLD LABOR CONFERENCE in Paris is in striking contrast to the failure of the Foreign Ministers' meeting in London. Where Byrnes failed to reconcile Bevin and Molotov, Sidney Hillman achieved a compromise between Sir Walter Citrine and Vasili Kuznetsov. On the eighth day of the conference the formation of a World Federation of Trade Unions was announced. The Russian demand for permanent organization was met and so were British reservations. As a result, the Executive Committee of the permanent W. F. T. U. can amend the constitution during the next two years subject to confirmation by the general council. During that period also officials of the old I. F. T. U. can be absorbed into the new body as individuals and negotiations can be carried on for adherence to the W. F. T .U. of existing international trade secretariats. On the question of voting, the credentials committee reported last week that Russia, representing 27,000,000 workers, will have forty-one votes; Great Britain and France, each credited with about 6,000,000 workers, will have twenty-three votes each; and the United States, represented only by the C. I. O., will have twenty-two. By refusing to participate in the new labor organization, the A. F. of L. and John L. Lewis have insured a great preponderance of votes to the Russians. Sir Walter Citrine has been elected president of the new body, permanent headquarters of which will be Paris. Louis Saillant, the secretary-general, comes from the French resistance, in which he gave able and daring leadership, and the new formation needs strong leadership if it is to play its role in the transition to a democratically planned society.

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IT IS HEARTENING TO NOTE THAT AFTER A slow and sorry start, occupation policies in Japan have moved more rapidly and in a better direction than we had reason to anticipate a month ago. The elimination of Japanese censorship, the opening of political prisons, the weakening of the Gestapo-like police system, preliminary sallies at the *Zaibatsu* and State Shinto, and the promise of support for trade unions, peasant unions, and other democratic groups, are all highly commendable steps. The publication of the basic American directive on September 22 and the application of some of its tenets precipitated the shift in the Japanese Premiership from the reactionary Prince Higashi-Kuni to the "liberal" Baron Kijuro Shidehara. The removal of the totalitarian Home Minister Iwao Yamazaki and the freeing of political prisoners were first called for by *The Nation* in Andrew Roth's articles. It would be disastrous, however, if liberal pressure abated at this critical juncture. Premier Baron Shidehara is liberal only by comparison with other members of the reactionary ruling oligarchy. He is related by marriage to the Iwazaki family, which controls the giant Mitsubishi octopus, and is far removed from the common people. It is dangerous to put our trust in Shidehara, and in phony liberals like Yusuke Tsurumi and Yoshihiko Kawaga and ersatz socialists like Dr. Iso Abe. In the past they mouthed liberal, Christian, and democratic phrases to "explain" and support Japanese aggression. Today they hope to siphon off mass discontent into innocuous, oligarchy-controlled parties which will indulge in fulsome talk but leave intact the feudal land system and the intensely monopolistic financial overlordship which are the twin breeding plots of fascism and war in Japan.

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WE HAVE CRITICIZED GENERAL PATTON FOR over-tolerance of Nazis, but we never suggested that he shared Nazi views. This accusation comes from his ardent defender, John O'Donnell of the New York *Daily News*, who alleges that "foreign-born political leaders" such as Justice Frankfurter and Sidney Hillman were out to "get" Patton because when he slapped a soldier in Italy he accompanied his blow with the words "yellow-bellied Jew." In thus smearing the General with his own anti-Semitism, O'Donnell appears to be living up to his normal standards of inaccuracy. For the slapped soldier, who has been identified as Herman Kuhl of Mishawaka, Indiana, is of German extraction, and has denied that the General used O'Donnell's phrase. Poor Patton! He may well sigh, "God save me from my friends!"

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WE AGREE COMPLETELY WITH THE STATE Department decision not to conclude a treaty for hemispheric defense with fascist Argentina as one of the signatories. But the Rio conference at which the collective security alliance was to have been drafted next week should not have been called off. On the surface our summary action in "suggesting" that it be "postponed"—read cancelled—looks like the old Yankee imperialism at work again. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee has formally protested because neither it nor the Latin American countries were consulted until after the machinery for calling off the Rio conference had been set in motion. Chairman Tom Connally said that if the Administration had really wanted to make an effective demonstration against Argentina it should have gone to the conference and refused to cooperate with the Argentine delegates in drafting a security pact. He is right. Actually if the conference had been held and if the delegates had agreed that Argentina was a threat to hemispheric peace they could, in accordance with the Chapultepec agreements, have taken any one of the following measures: "Recall of chiefs of diplomatic missions; breaking of diplomatic relations; breaking of consular relations; . . . use of armed forces. . . ." Even the first of these measures would pose a ticklish problem. Perón is not the only dictator. He has his peers in Brazil, Bolivia, and Paraguay, to mention only three outstanding examples. And neither they nor the heads of state in many other Latin American countries want to establish a precedent of forcing a change of government through outside intervention. This is the issue the State Department dodged in calling off the Rio conference.

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THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY-POWER PROJECT began to be visible through the political fog as a result of President Truman's appeal for swift Congressional approval. "Public and private agencies," Mr. Truman said, will be able to pass on to consumers "all the advantages of this cheap power." What still remains unclear is whether there will or will not be public transmission lines. If not, transmission will be entirely in the hands of private utilities. President

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Truman's reaffirmation of faith in the Tennessee Valley and Columbia River developments would indicate that he wants public lines. His deft avoidance of a commitment can perhaps be attributed to fear that the whole project might be blocked. This fear seems now to be unjustified, in view of the speed with which Congressional action may develop on the Senate resolution (S. J. 104) authorizing the development. There are signs that it will get a favorable report by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Clarification, however, is as much a responsibility of Governor Thomas E. Dewey's New York State administration as of the federal government. In his repeated avowals of support for the project Mr. Dewey has conspicuously avoided any mention of transmission lines. Since the resolution pledges in effect that New York State will handle the American end of the United States-Canadian establishment, and since the international agreement would be subject to approval by the New York legislature as well as by Congress, a plain statement of policy on transmission is needed immediately.

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THE NOMINATION OF RAYMOND S. McKEOUGH as a member of the Maritime Commission has been rejected by the Senate Commerce Committee. In voting, the committee divided on orthodox political lines—that is to say, two reactionary Southern Democrats, O'Daniel of Texas and Overton of Louisiana, teamed up with a solid Republican bloc to beat the Administration forces. One count made against McKeough was that he lacked intimate knowledge of maritime affairs, but according to Senator Bailey, chairman of the committee, the deciding factor in his defeat was opposition registered by the American Federation of Labor. Because he had recently been associated with the C. I. O. as a regional director for P. A. C., the A. F. of L. turned thumbs down on a man who could have been relied upon to give sympathetic consideration to labor viewpoints on a key policy-making body. It is shortsighted factionalism of this kind which is doing so much to weaken labor's influence in Washington.

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SIXTH AVENUE IN NEW YORK CITY MUST feel like Cinderella. Not many years ago it was an ill-dressed thoroughfare oppressed by an elevated railway. The El was torn down some time ago. And one morning a couple of weeks ago, Sixth Aveneüe woke up to find that a powerful prince, Fiorello, by a wave of his wand and a surprise coup in the City Council, had changed its name to Avenue of the Americas. Some people say that Fiorello is a politician not a prince. Others suggest that real-estate interests with property on the avenue had something to do with the miracle, and some feel that it is less than diplomatic to have an Avenue of the Americas that leads straight to Rockefeller Center. Finally, there are critics who maintain that it is silly to drop a good findable designation like Sixth Avenue and that it will mean a lot more questions—and confusing answers—about "how to get to . . . ," thus making work for the Missing Persons Bureau and swelling the ranks of the lost generation. This last objection seems to us worth consideration. Why not compromise and call it Sixth Avenue of the Americas? That would make the name even longer and more pompous, besides giving it exactly six times as much significance as a symbol of hemispheric solidarity.

Horse-Sense in the Atomic Age

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S long-awaited message to Congress on the control of atomic energy was a neat, politic, and cautious approach to the—literally—most explosive problem which has yet confronted Western man. It was the sort of message befitting a man from Missouri—well-balanced, undogmatic, waiting to be convinced. Unfortunately, in the standard Missouri scale of values and virtues imaginativeness does not rank high; and in this message, delivered in a season when imaginativeness is the most urgently desirable and necessary of all public virtues, there was little trace of the functionings of imagination.

The President proposed that the Congress create an Atomic Energy Commission to control and promote the development of atomic power for peace-time uses in the United States. He revealed that he is planning direct negotiations with Great Britain and Canada, coholders with the United States of the immediate key to this Pandora's box, and later with other nations not named, "in an effort to effect agreement on the conditions under which cooperation might replace rivalry in the field of atomic power."

The bulk of the message was devoted to the domestic phase of the problem, and the recommendations here seem sound: that the Atomic Energy Commission be given all jurisdiction over government-owned facilities, mineral sources, research, and industrial or commercial applications of atomic energy. It proposed supplanting the army with the civilian authority in these matters, and made it clear that private enterprise was not to gain control of this tremendous development built up by public servants and public money.

Even Senator Connally could not fail to see the horse-sense of these proposals. When the President turned to hint at the international phase of the problem, however, one was left with the faintly sinking sensation that horse-sense is not altogether adequate. "The hope of civilization lies in international arrangements looking, if possible, to the renunciation of the use and development of the atomic bomb, and directing and encouraging the use of atomic energy and all future scientific information toward peaceful and scientific means," the President said. "The hope of civilization," "renunciation," "encouraging," "peaceful"—this, indeed, is where we came in. One had imagined, rather wistfully, that "hopes" might be set aside in the face of this colossal dilemma, that a modicum of wisdom and imagination would be brought to bear and would point a clear path toward the establishment of world law.

Hoping for renunciation is a luxury not to be enjoyed with impunity in this catastrophic season. We pay for it immediately with jangled nerves and the jitters. We will pay for it eventually with an explosion that will blast all hope. Any policy of attempting to control the greatest power in the universe by "hopes" and "arrangements" to "renounce" its use in war would be a singular manifestation of what Melville calls "the weakness of mere unaided right-mindedness and virtue": the effect of "outlawing" a weapon is always that

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only the outlaws use it, while the nice people shake their heads sadly over so much wickedness. Had Mr. Truman lived in Missouri during its frontier days, he would presumably not have offered to protect the lives and property of citizens by inviting them all to renounce the use of six-guns. He would have mustered a police force, or invited the federal marshal to open an office, or at least gathered together a vigilante committee.

The last course, in fact, is what the loudest voices in Washington are now proposing, and the most effective part of the President's message is that in which he undercuts the fatuous hopefulness of this position—the position that the United States should "keep the secret" of the bomb, keep ahead of other countries in development of atomic energy, build bigger and better bombs, and police the world with them. Every responsible scientist connected with the work has said that there is no secret; the layman can assure himself that this is true by reading the extraordinary and fascinating official report on the project, "Atomic Energy for Military Purposes," by Henry D. Smyth of Princeton. Other nations will be able to produce better atomic bombs more easily, cheaply, and inconspicuously than we did: because of the press of time we tried four methods, of which three worked, and were lavish in the expenditure of money, men, and materials. The Smyth report recapitulates the basic data on atomic fission in handy form, is on sale at your bookseller's, and should allow you to build a bomb yourself after a few years of research to work out the production details. So the question, "Should we keep the secret of the atomic bomb?" (to which a majority of Congressional answerers said yes) is similar to the old trick question, "Have you stopped beating your wife?"—and just about as pertinent.

Equally pertinent are schemes for defense. "The protection . . . is to go underground," says Mrs. Luce; "There has never been a weapon against which man has been unable to devise a counter-weapon," says Admiral Nimitz. Well, Niels Bohr, General Groves, and all the others associated with the project say no defense is possible *against the bomb,* but only against its carrier; and who has suggested a defense to keep completely away all rocket-propelled, radar-directed, atomic-explosive missiles, launched from over the oceans?

Yet Nimitz asks for a large navy, Barkley and Vandenberg quarrel over which committee of the Senate would consider the problem, Truman hopes for a Sunday School reformation in man's warlike character. Scott Lucas made the relevant comment: "We are fooling around with horse-and-buggy rules while the world is threatened with atomic destruction."

The world will continue to be threatened with destruction as long as men continue to deal with the atomic problem in horse-and-buggy terms. As long as the nations remain separate, dividing men from one another, we shall continue to view this first truly global affair of life or death from a national viewpoint; and we shall never be able to settle it from a national viewpoint. By all means let us have a new, broad-based commission to study the problem and make recommendations. By all means let us accept Senator Vandenberg's suggestion that Congressional leaders confer with the President on the problem. By all means let us pass Senator McMahon's bill for a mutual and free interchange of information and research among all the United Nations, clearing through the Security Council and granting it the power to inspect all munitions plants and laboratories in all nations. But let us recognize that our danger lies not with atomic energy but with the present organization of society, which tends inevitably toward conflict just because it sets nations apart from one another; and let us raise a clamor for the establishment of world government under world law, so that we may find a new and broader sovereignty under which atomic energy will not be a threat but a promise.

Relief for Park Avenue

THE Stock Exchanges have been pushing ahead with their peace boom in the past week in anticipation of good news from Washington, where Congress has at last turned to the really important subject of tax reduction. We are keeping our fingers crossed, however, until we see who is going to get the benefit. Taxes are an economic matter and ought to be settled by bankers and other practical thinkers, but unfortunately one can't keep politics out. Lots of Congressmen have thoroughly sound instincts. They would like to do something to brighten the pinched faces on Park Avenue, but they cannot forget for long that the votes are elsewhere. So instead of starting to cut income taxes at the top, where the burden is the heaviest, they tend to begin at the bottom.

In putting the Treasury's proposals before the Ways and Means Committee, Secretary Vinson said, "Taxes must be fair among the people." A nice platitude! But as Mr. Krock asks in the New York *Times,* "How can taxes be fair among the people when more than twelve million of them are in the same breath released from them?" It would be much more just to make a horizontal reduction for all taxpayers, as some of the Republican Congressmen have suggested. That should satisfy laborers, who have been earning more than they know how to spend sensibly, and, to quote Mr. Krock again, "would permit the very prosperous few to regain some of their former purchasing power." Those of us in the top brackets would still be giving the Treasury nearly three-quarters of our incomes, but out of a net income of $1,000,000 we would have $280,000 left instead of a beggarly $100,000 as at present.

There is one thing to be grateful for: in spite of his New Deal taint Mr. Vinson has been made to see the light on the excess-profits tax. He realizes that this is really a way of controlling profits and that to continue it in peace time would deprive corporation executives of any incentive to go on breaking their backs to provide a brave new world for everybody. It is too bad that the Ways and Means Committee should not have accepted his proposals in full, deciding instead to continue the tax during 1946 at 60 per cent. Of course this is better than the present confiscatory rate, and the committee has done something to mitigate its error by cutting the corporation surtax from 16 to 12 per cent.

A clean sweep of the excess-profits tax, however, would give a bigger fillip to business and particularly to those large corporations which are the mainstay of our economy. The real beneficiaries, according to one very respectable authority,

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the *Wall Street Journal,* would be consumers in general, for, it contends, all corporation taxes are really paid by the public with the corporations simply acting as tax-gatherers for the government. That is to say, corporations treat taxes as part of costs and therefore add them to prices. Of course, under sharply competitive conditions, it may not be easy to pass taxes on to the public in this manner, but in the big, well-organized industries, where cutthroat competition is regarded as unethical, price schedules can usually be administered in such a way as to insure a proper margin of profit after taxes.

However, while the *Wall Street Journal's* arguments are of great interest, we feel it is rather unwise to give them publicity at the present time. For ignorant people might make the over-logical deduction that since excess-profits taxes have been absorbed in prices, their elimination should lead immediately to reduced prices. They might notice that a certain liquor company has been handing over some $20 per share in excess-profits taxes, and suppose that as soon as the tax is dropped, the price of whiskey would drop too. But, of course, that isn't the idea at all—not so long as there is a sellers' market. What is really encouraging about the prospective abolition, or at least reduction of the excess-profits tax is that it will give business a period of excess profits *without the tax.* That is what Wall Street is counting on when it bids up the stocks of companies which have been particularly successful in collecting this tax for the Treasury and now have a chance to go on collecting it for their shareholders. Our brokers tipped us to buy Schenley on this basis soon after V-J Day and it has risen over twenty points since. Really, it is almost like the days of dear Mr. Mellon.

Chinese Powder Barrel

REPORTS that heavy fighting has broken out between Chinese Communist and Kuomintang forces at several points emphasize the explosive nature of the Chinese situation. The danger of civil war persists even though the Chungking negotiations appear to be making progress. For while most of the basic issues dividing China's two great parties remain unsettled, agreement has been reached on the procedure for setting up the framework of a democratic political structure. A political council is to be established containing equal representation from each of four groups—the Kuomintang, the Communists, the Democratic League, and non-party independents. The decisions of this council are to be binding on all parties. This procedure promises well not only because the center and non-political groups can mediate in the seemingly insoluble disputes between the right and left, but because these groups, to a greater extent than either the Kuomintang or the Communists, can be counted on to insist on an effective democracy with guaranties of basic civil rights.

Foremost among the issues facing this new council will be the method of selecting delegates to the People's Congress which is to be intrusted with the responsibility of drawing up China's new constitution. The Kuomintang has heretofore insisted on convening the Congress that was chosen in 1936, even though many of the delegates chosen at that time have died or have been guilty of collaboration with the Japanese. This insistence has been based on a desire to obtain ratification of the Draft Constitution that was promulgated in 1936. The Communists and the Democratic League have opposed this constitution, chiefly because it concentrates too much power in the hands of the Chief Executive and fails to make provision for regional and provincial differences. Since the Kuomintang-picked delegates of 1936 would presumably uphold the Kuomintang-prepared constitution of that year, the Communists have been unyielding in their demand that the Congress delegates be chosen again, this time by popular vote. They believe that the Congress should then draw up a completely new constitution providing for a more decentralized form of government. Such a constitution would make possible a solution of the Kuomintang-Communist controversy along traditional Chinese lines of regional spheres of administration and at the same time lay the basis for the emergence of a modern democratic state.

All this represents substantial progress toward Chinese unity. But the difficulties which remain should not be minimized. The negotiators have thus far been unable to reach an agreement on the crucial problem of the Eighth Route Army. Chungking is reported to be willing to permit the Communists to retain twenty divisions—less than one-sixth of the Central Government's forces—provided they accept Kuomintang governors in the northern provinces under their control. The Communists have indicated that they will accept this arrangement only if they are permitted to name the governors. The most explosive problem, however, concerns the disarming of the Japanese and puppet troops in the Tientsin-Peiping area. Acting under orders from Chungking, the Japanese have refused to surrender their main body of troops to the Communists who dominate the area. American marines have landed at Tienstin to take over control of that city, but the Japanese still control Peiping. The Communists do not object greatly to the use of American troops to disarm the Japanese. But if the United States carries out its previously announced intention of convoying Kuomintang troops into North China to seize this region, trouble is bound to develop.

It has been evident for some time that a settlement of China's internal problems requires a neutral attitude on the part of the United States. A reporter in Chungking says that a mere suggestion of change in American policy has had a "barometric effect" on the Kuomintang-Communist negotiations. Left to themselves, the negotiators will probably compromise their differences, since neither side feels strong enough to wage civil war. But if American military assistance encourages the Kuomintang to force the issue, a conflict is almost certain. Nor should we assume, as some Americans do, that such a war would be a minor affair now that Russia has abandoned the Communists. Russia has indicated that its treaty of alliance and friendship applies only to a united and democratic China. If Chungking, with our help, were to attempt to enforce unity by arms, Russia might feel that its conditions had not been met. Similarly, if we continue to pour troops into North China, Moscow, with some color of excuse, might reconsider its undertaking to withdraw from Manchuria. Foreign intervention at this stage in China's internal affairs can only serve to enhance the possibilities of an explosion.

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Will There Be Jobs?

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, October 8

THE latest report made by John W. Snyder, Director of War Mobilization and Reconversion, touches but gingerly on the question of coming unemployment. "By next spring," the report says, "with demobilization running at better than a million a month, unemployment may rise to about eight million." The next sentence seems to imply that this will be temporary. "The total," the report continues, "will depend on how fast reconversion and expansion can be accomplished." But from the information available here we seem to be headed at the best toward chronic unemployment after reconversion: optimistic estimates add up to about 7,500,000 jobless by the end of next year; pessimistic, to 10,500,000.

As in the early '30's, business organizations are again putting their faith in hoopla; there seems to be a feeling that full employment can be achieved if only business men will jolly one another and the country along, like good fellows at a Rotary Club get-together. The Committee for Economic Development has become a leading practitioner in the field of synthetic cheer, with Walter D. Fuller of the Curtis Publishing Company as director of optimistic statement. Yesterday, on the basis of a "spot check" in 884 cities, the CED announced that by next fall there would be 7,000,000 to 10,000,000 more jobs available than in 1940. The basis of computation was not disclosed, but Fuller's earlier press release, of September 10, did provide some way to assess the value of the CED estimates.

"Survey Predicts Job Total 24 per cent Higher than '40 Level" was the New York *Times* headline on that earlier survey. It covered 100 cities and counties but did not get the same type of data from all of them; in 47 the figures covered both industrial and commercial employment. The survey showed the number employed in 1940, the number employed at the peak of war production, and the number expected to be employed after reconversion. In the forty-seven cities and counties giving figures on both industrial and commercial employment, the CED survey showed a rise of about 36 per cent in the number of jobs from 1940 to the war-time peak and an expected decline of about 10 per cent after reconversion. That seems to be a pretty good sample. The actual figures on nation-wide employment in industry and trade as given by the Bureau of Labor Statistics show a rise of 31 per cent from 1940 to 1944.

If we apply the percentage of decline shown in the CED findings to the actual BLS figures, we get a loss of about 2,300,000 jobs in industry and trade combined. To these 2,300,000 lay-offs we must add 1,500,000 lay-offs by government. For civilian employment in war agencies, largely arsenals and shipyards, rose from 241,000 to 2,052,000 during the war. In addition, demobilization will release 9,000,000 from the armed services. This gives us a total of 12,800,000 looking for work. This number will be reduced, however, by the number of married women, young people, and older folk who worked during the war but will return to their homes or schools after the war. The net withdrawal from the labor market from this source is estimated at 3,000,000. This reduces the number of job seekers to 9,800,000.

Where can jobs be found for them? No great expansion in employment is visible in transportation, where the railroads have been carrying a load 25 per cent greater than that which would come to them under peace-time full-employment conditions. The output of public utilities will likewise drop after the war. Increased mechanization made it possible for mining to boost output during the war, despite a decline in employment from 916,000 in 1940 to 835,000 in 1944; return to the pre-war level of employment will not make a substantial dent in joblessness. In finance, service, and the miscellaneous trades average employment during the first six months of this year was 4,220,000, as compared with 4,310,000 in 1940; obviously not much expansion is possible there. The one sizable source of new jobs is in construction, where employment fell from 1,722,000 in 1940 to 679,000 in 1944. The Federal Works Agency estimates a somewhat lower level of construction next year than in 1940, but let us assume 1,000,000 restored jobs in the building trades. That would reduce the number of jobless after reconversion to 8,800,000. If the professions absorb 100,000, if 700,000 go into business for themselves, and if 500,000 go back to the farm, we would still have 7,500,000 jobless, or about the same number we had in 1940.

The secret of our coming difficulties lies in another sentence of the Snyder report from which we quoted above. "During the war we have increased our national output 75 per cent, and we have done so with 12,000,000 of our strongest and youngest men and women in the armed forces." The increase in productivity is so great that even the pent-up demand to be expected in consumer durables immediately after the war will not take up the slack in employment. The automobile industry, for example, hopes for a 60 per cent increase in output over the pre-war level but expects a 40 per cent cut in jobs from the war-time peak. Thus in the automobile industry during the peak period of meeting pent-up demand there will be a big net loss in jobs. Peak employment during the war was 700,000. The post-reconversion peak is expected to be 425,000. Pent-up demand for consumer durables will not create full employment even temporarily.

Nor is there any prospect of new private capital investment large enough to do the job. Let us take as our measuring rod the generally accepted estimate that about $40 billion of investment annually would be necessary for a $200 billion full-employment level of national income. Peak investment during the war period came in 1941, when private and public capital outlay was $21 billion, the highest in our history. This declined to $14 billion in 1942 and $7 billion in 1943.

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But in these years, with that capital investment, we built a whole new synthetic rubber and aviation industry. We raised aircraft output in value from a half million to $30 billion annually. We increased shipbuilding from three-quarters of a million tons to twenty million tons annually. We boosted steel capacity by one-third, aluminum capacity more than ten times, and turned out more machines and machine tools in four years than in the whole previous generation. After that vast splurge of expansion who is going to put new money in any quantity into shipbuilding, aircraft, steel, aluminum, radio, electronics, or petroleum—which expects to produce a billion barrels less in peace time than it did during the war? The Department of Commerce Survey of Current Business, in a recent study of Capital Outlay Plans of Business, managed, by many shaky assumptions, to forecast $12 billion in investment next year but admitted in an aside that this estimate lumped together "plans having varying degrees of definiteness. They range all the way from firm commitments . . . through the desirable expansion or modernization which will take place if general conditions are more or less in line with present expectations to those tentative projects which depend on technological or competitive developments."

Some look to expanded foreign trade for full employment. But this cannot take up the gap left at home by cessation of war spending by government. The United States is so enormously rich in productive capacity that it required both a vast domestic expansion and an equally enormous rise in foreign trade to achieve full employment during the war. Exports rose to $8 billion in 1942, $12 billion in 1943, $14 billion in 1944. But it took abnormal war-time imports of materials plus a huge lend-lease program to make these exports possible. In foreign trade, too, we face a sharp deflation.

Our problem is our wealth of productive capacity, our dearth of brains, our prejudice against planning. Even spending for social improvement on a scale beyond that of the New Deal will not suffice to give us full employment of machines and men. Let me offer a few figures. Against that $40 billion of annual investment necessary for full employment, measure the fact that the whole TVA project since its beginning has cost only $1 billion, that $3 billion a year for fifteen years would wipe out every slum in this country. Peripheral spending to prime the pump is not adequate. The time is coming when we shall have to plan output, industry by industry, in terms of need rather than the "normal" hit-or-miss market of a scarcity economy. Only that way lies full employment. Only so can the Midas of nations cope with its golden touch.

Britain Expects Action

BY AYLMER VALLANCE

London, October 1

PERHAPS to say that enthusiasm for the Labor government has evaporated in the past six weeks would be an overstatement. A parliamentary recess which lasts from August 24 to Ocober 9 is not long enough for a fundamental change in the attitude of a mass electorate. Labor meetings in the three by-elections now in progress have been drawing big audiences ready enough to cheer; increasing shortages in the shops, from cigarettes to children's shoes, from cleaning materials to (mystifyingly) kitchen salt, are borne with good humor; and there is still solid confidence in the legislative program outlined at the beginning of the session. Yet there are visible beginnings of an estrangement between the government and its supporters. Though disillusionment might be too strong a word, the feeling is widespread that in the broad field where action is possible by administrative decision Ministers are taking an unconscionably long time to do anything positively Socialist in character, and that their approach to the problems which touch everyday life is excessively cautious and rigid.

In particular, the Cabinet has apparently been unable so far to adjust the Bevin plan of gradual demobilization—on an "age-plus-service" basis—to the new conditions created by the collapse of Japan. Though certain areas, such as South Wales, Tyneside, and the Clyde valley, which are hit by the cancelation of war contracts may not be over anxious for "the boys" to return and swell the queues outside the employment exchanges, the general judgment of the country—witness the emphatic resolution passed by the Trade Union Congress this month—is that Britain simply cannot afford to go slow with demobilization when the whole business of "revival," home production and export trade alike, depends so largely on the speedy redeployment of man-power. Suffering from the acute shortage of personnel on the railways, in road transport, and in the telephone system—to say nothing of in building and other essential industries—the public impatiently asks why, and gets no convincing answer.

Demobilization is only one example of the issues in which Ministers are conveying the impression of inaction. There are, however, exceptions. Sir Stafford Cripps shows welcome signs of energy; he is hustling the Lancashire cotton industry into setting its obsolescent house in order, and he clearly intends to press vigorously for new methods and closer collaboration with labor in all the old, staple British trades not earmarked for nationalization. At the Ministry of Fuel, too, Mr. Shinwell is creating an encouraging "go-getter" atmosphere. Having removed all pains and penalties for absenteeism, he is appealing to the miners to work hard for the community, and has tried the interesting experiment—on "poacher-into-gamekeeper" lines—of appointing a Communist miners' leader, Mr. Arthur Horner, as national production officer to step up output. But save for these two, and setting aside for the moment Mr. Bevin's efforts in the political strip-poker sessions of the Big Five, Ministers have tended, during the recess, to slide out of sight. "What are 'our men' doing?" ask the electors.

They are asking this not least of the Minister of Health. Popular, dynamic, self-opinionated, and the "star" performer

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of the left wing in debate, Aneurin Bevan has been given a portfolio whose dual-compartmented size he may rue. Not only has he got to evolve a National Medical Service in the teeth of opposition from the diehards of the British Medical Association; he has also got to make good the worst shortage of all—houses. So far, except for a limited number of prefabricated "temporaries," building has quite simply not begun, and winter, with bad weather for building operations, is close ahead. Mr. Bevan has decided not to license any luxury construction and to give no subsidies for privately built houses until insistent working-class demands for houses to rent have been met. The question is: who is to do the building? The Minister is credited with the intention of relying entirely on municipalities as his building agencies. (Actual construction, of course, would be carried out under contract by private firms.) The difficulty, however, is that municipalities cannot obtain from their already burdened rate-payers the money needed for interest on the immense fresh capital involved, that their technical housing staffs are scattered through the armed services, and that as the building workers are, very slowly, demobilized, they drift back to their old homes and employers without regard to the fact that present-day building needs, determined as they are by war damage, do not correspond at all to the pre-war geographical pattern. If the local authorities prove a broken reed, as may well be the case, Mr. Bevan will probably have to have recourse to a National Housing Corporation—controlling mobile labor and the resources of the big war contractors—to supplement municipal efforts. But of this there is as yet no hint; nor is there evidence of the walls of a single permanent house going up.

Aneurin Bevan

Add to these "slow-motion" impressions the government's failure, so far, to announce definitely that old-age pensions are to be raised before all the lengthy "Beveridge" legislation is through, or to meet complaints that many elderly people are dying before they get their compensation for "total-loss" war damage or can cash the some-day-repayable "credits" due on account of war increases in the income tax. Add, again, the fact that the Compensation for Industrial Injuries bill is found to be identical with that drafted by the Caretaker government and to provide benefits quite unacceptable in trade unionists' eyes. Add, if you like, the government's "caginess" over the awkward, unsolved problem of how workers are to be attracted into essential but low-wage export industries when the unpopular powers of labor "direction" are, as promised, rescinded. All this totals up to a lot of minor disappointments.

Underlying these particular causes of discontent is the government's lack of good "public-relations" sense. Broadcasting to a nation made up, be it remembered, of pretty tired people faced with pretty drab living conditions, Mr. Attlee adopts the style, Olympian yet deflating, of a pedestrian Pericles preaching "patience." Herbert Morrison as always has been talking sound economic sense, with refreshing robustness; but by and large Ministerial speeches since Parliament adjourned have been chilling: difficulties rather than the resolve to overcome them have been the keynote. And there has been a signal and damaging failure to organize, so far, any machinery for giving the country what in its present sober mood it wants above all else—the hard facts about practical problems: food and raw-material stocks, shipping resources, numbers needed for armies of occupation, and so forth. Journals as divergent in policies as the *Times* and the *New Statesman* have been urging the government to realize that without a better supply of factual information it will be impossible to obtain sustained, intelligent cooperation from the electorate in the difficult job of reconversion. Not, perhaps, wholly in vain: it seems likely that a Bureau of Information headed by a respected Labor journalist will be set up, attached to the Cabinet offices. But the question how Ministers are to keep their policies alive in people's minds and project the affairs of state vividly into the common man's home remains to be answered.

The Tories, of course, are quick to see that their best hope lies in exploiting the rift—narrow as yet, but significant—between the Cabinet and Labor rank and file. In the expansive mood of the after-dinner stage they will tell you that Churchill, who can be feline as well as swashbuckling in debate, counts on producing in a year or two a situation in which the Labor front bench, irked by back-bench mutinies, will "do a MacDonald," ask for a dissolution, and after an election form another "National" coalition. This is wishful day-dreaming: the Labor Party is much too solid for such a split between "moderates" and left wing to be likely, and the Cabinet is of very different stuff from the men of 1931. Moreover, the Tories, in these fond calculations, are leaving one important factor out of account: whatever disappointment may be felt by restive Socialists at hesitant, "look-before-you-leap" progress on the home front, developments in foreign affairs look, on a short view, as if they would rally Labor voters, and many others, solidly behind the government.

In the light of the Foreign Secretary's peculiar achievements up to date this may sound paradoxical. In one sense it is. In the judgment of every liberal-minded person who has an inkling of what has really been happening, Mr. Bevin is a disaster. Not only has his attitude toward Greece and his brusque disregard of the Resistance in Europe lowered our stock among our best friends on the Continent; he has been largely to blame for the series of head-on disagreements which prevented the Lancaster House conference of the Big Five from achieving one single constructive settlement. Obsessed by the narrow idea that communism is inherently inimical to the trade unionism which gave him power, he supported—and, indeed, encouraged—Mr. Byrnes in offering blank opposition to every Russian proposal, good or bad. His hope, apparently, is thus to secure American backing

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for his conception—not so very different from Mr. Churchill's—of British imperial interests, a conception which has led him to claim a naval base in Eritrea, to refuse to cede Hongkong on any terms to the Chinese, and generally to join with elephantine gusto in the present big-power game of animal grab, at the cost even of alienating the British dominions.

But though this is the view of a small "informed" minority, it would be an error to suppose that the picture looks like this to the mass of Labor supporters. Staunch friends as they are of the U. S. S. R., they are inclined to listen when they are told that Mr. Molotov is a bit dictatorial. Above all, they are stoutly determined that British policy at home shall not be determined by Wall Street. Nothing wins louder applause at Labor meetings than the assertion that Britain must "stand on her own feet"—and, if need be, do without American food, petrol, tobacco, and films. Mr. Shinwell gets orchids for insisting, in his oil pact with Mr. Ickes, that Britain must have the right to "regulate" imports, a proviso which, incidentally, makes nonsense of the "non-discriminatory" professions of the agreement. Halifax and Keynes are immensely popular because it is believed, rightly or wrongly, that they are taking a "tough" line in Washington. No one yet dares to ask, at least in public, the question whether Britain is now a big-enough power to be able to afford truculence. So Mr. Bevin gets away with it, in the role of a downright, "penny-plain" Socialist Palmerston, ready to "take on all comers."

It will be ironical if the first Labor government to hold real power atones, in the public eye, for timidity and inertia in domestic issues by defending valiantly, against both American capitalism and Russian communism, a social democracy which it is doing little as yet to make Socialist or democratic. But then, the pen which writes history is often dipped in gall.

France Swings Socialist

BY ORESTE ROSENFELD

(Editor-in-chief of Le Populaire, *organ of the Socialist Party of France)*

Paris, October 4 (by cable)

FRANCE has entered into a month-long election period. Cantonal elections took place on September 23 and 30; on October 21 French voters will go to the polls to elect a Constituent Assembly.

The cantonal elections were for the purpose of choosing the General Councils. These councils have no voice in the big problems of domestic and foreign policy; their sole concern is local administration. In the past they designated the Senators, that is, the members of Parliament's upper chamber. But the Senate provided for by the constitution of 1875, which enjoyed the same prerogatives as the Chamber of Deputies, no longer exists, and the new constitution will certainly not resuscitate it, at least not in its old form. In general, therefore, the cantonal elections are not political.

This time, however, the situation was different. Many of the pre-war general councilors had betrayed France by entering the service of Marshal Pétain. Thus the elections offered the voters a choice between the spirit of the Resistance and the spirit of Vichy. The Resistance won: pro-German collaborationists, anti-republicans, anti-democrats were swept out of office; the reactionary and conservative parties, which had compromised themselves during the occupation, were smashed. The Radical Socialist Party, whose record is not without blemish, emerged from the contest greatly reduced in strength. What is more, the whole liberal-capitalist regime was found bankrupt. The French people voted for the parties which stand for a profound reform in the structure of government and against the parties which would preserve the social status quo. Thus the usually "non-political" cantonal elections took on a sharply political and social character.

The Socialist Party won the greatest victory. It received more than a fourth of the votes cast and a similar proportion of the seats. The Communist Party ran a close second in the popular voting, but the system of double-balloting worked against it in the matter of seats. The Socialists, with slightly less than four million votes, gained 800 Council seats; the Communists, only 370. The Radical Socialist Party—the party of Messrs. Herriot and Daladier—lost a third of its seats; the reactionary parties, half of theirs. On the other hand, a new party, the Christian Democratic Party of Foreign Minister Georges Bidault, emerged as an important political force. It obtained 12 per cent of the votes and 230 seats.

These figures are eloquent, and yet they do not give a true picture of the situation. Personal factors played an important part in the elections and blurred the meaning of the results, particularly in certain districts where the voters supported well-known candidates, notably Radical Socialists, who had built up a following over a long period of years. Actually the country is farther left, more Socialist in temper, than is revealed by the election figures. This fact will emerge clearly in the elections for the Constituent Assembly, which will not be conducted by the double-balloting method but by a system of proportional representation in each department. They will not, however, result in true proportional representation, such as the Socialists and Communists have demanded, for despite the efforts of the three Socialist Ministers and contrary to the advice of the Consultative Assembly, the De Gaulle government has set up an electoral law which distorts the meaning of proportional representation. As a result, the number of Socialist and Communist seats in the new Assembly may not correspond to the number of votes those parties receive at the polls, for the less populous agricultural regions are favored at the expense of the industrial centers. However, the disparity should not be too great, particularly if the Socialist sweep which is indicated materializes.

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Both the Socialist Party and its leader, Léon Blum, have tremendous popular support. The French people like clarity. The Socialist Party offers them a clear program, logical and daring: it calls for a sovereign Assembly whose job it will be to draw up a democratic constitution, for the abolition of monopolies, and for thoroughgoing economic reforms, including the socialization of key industries, natural resources, and credit. In foreign policy the party favors collective security. It has neither concealed nor camouflaged its aims.

The same cannot be said of the Communists. Their domestic program fails to face squarely the problem of socialization of industry; their foreign policy appears equivocal on the critical question of collective security. Their influence has suffered as a consequence of the position taken by the Soviet Union at the meeting of the Foreign Ministers in London, which collided with the position of the French delegation. Moreover, the Communist Party has entered into an electoral alliance with the Herriot Radicals. And finally, in many localities the Communist candidates are running on two tickets—Front National and Union des Républicains. Frenchmen do not like such camouflage, and it is reasonable to believe that the Socialist Party will register further gains on October 21. That does not necessarily mean that the Socialists will have a clear-cut majority. They foresee the necessity of a coalition government which will include the Communists and perhaps the Christian Democrats, provided the latter do not oppose the system of secular education to which the Socialists are firmly committed.

How the Nazis Stay In

BY SAUL K. PADOVER

(Historian and political scientist; during the war a member of the army's Psychological Warfare Division)

IT WAS in Aachen that MG first acquired practical experience in governing Germans, and the methods used in Aachen were apparently so satisfactory that they were applied in other cities, notably in Munich. The fact is that MG made a thorough political mess of Aachen, and had it not been for war-time censorship, the American press would have had a scandalous story to spread before the public.

Aachen is no longer within the American zone, but the tale of what happened there last winter provides the necessary background for understanding what is going on in Munich this autumn. It is also, of course, a part of the strange MG saga. I shall relate it here, as briefly as I can, for the first time.

MG's first act in setting up a civil government in Aachen last October was to consult the Bishop, and for many days afterward no step was taken without the advice of the head of the church. It was the Bishop who not only proposed but also introduced Franz Oppenhoff to MG. Oppenhoff was made Oberbürgermeister with the specific assurance by MG that the American army would have no objection to the employment of Nazis; he was given full powers to hire anybody he chose. Thus allowed a free hand, he chose eight Bürgermeisters to serve under him—as compact a clique of ultra-reactionaries and fascists as could be found anywhere in Germany.

Oppenhoff was undoubtedly an interesting character. I spent many hours in conversation with him and found him to be a vigorous and aggressive individual who knew exactly what he wanted. He had been a lawyer for the Aachen diocese and for the Veltrup works, the biggest armament plant in the region. To his credit be it said that in the terrorized thirties he was one of the few lawyers in Aachen with the courage to defend in open court Jewish firms and Catholic clergy. Like most of his colleagues, Oppenhoff was neither a Nazi nor a democrat. He was a fascist in the original sense of the term, in the same sense that Mussolini was a fascist, or Dollfuss, or Franco; and he did not hide his convictions but proclaimed them with passion and vehemence.

Oppenhoff was a believer in the *Ständestaat,* the authoritarian corporate state with a paternalistic small-scale industry based upon a hierarchical, unfree labor system. He favored a labor force consisting of skilled artisans and divided into masters and apprentices, with the masters in absolute control. His fear of labor was an obsession, almost as great as his fear of political parties. He wanted to see workers placed in fixed categories, without any right to political action or economic demands. "Only such a system," he told us, "can prevent agitations, votings, and elections. This is my idea of democracy, true democracy. This is my philosophy, and I tell you honestly I would refuse to appoint anyone to any responsible post who did not share my basic ideas."

The reason he collaborated eagerly with the Military Government was his fervent hope that for a decade at least Germany would be spared political parties and trade unions. "*Gott sei Dank,*" he said to us, "that the Military Government and not the Germans will rule. Government by the military will exclude all talkers, politicians, and agitators." His hatred of labor was so intense that he pleaded with us not to make any appeals to German workers under any conditions. "You must promise them nothing, nothing."

The men with whom he surrounded himself were anti-democratic and anti-labor and anti-Russian, and some of them were anti-Ally. The roster of these men, operating under the protection of the American flag, is impressive. The Bürgermeister for Labor, Gerhard Heusch, was a Wehrmacht major who had done occupation duty in Pskov, Russia. A member of five Nazi-affiliated organizations, he was exposed by the Counter-Intelligence Corps but defended by Oppenhoff and retained by MG. Army Intelligence finally arrested him as a potential war criminal. The Chief of Police, Schefer, had spent the period of the war working for the Wehrmacht in Berlin. The Bürgermeister for Law and Administration,

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Pontesegger, was an Austrian Russophobe who had been an ardent follower of Dollfuss. The Bürgermeister for Schools was a chauvinistic clericalist and church politician who had not seen the inside of a school for some forty years. The City Treasurer, Pfeiffer, was a wholesale merchant who had joined the Nazi Party in 1933 and then became a member of five Nazi-affiliated organizations. The Bürgermeister for Housing and Construction, Mies, the least reactionary of the Oppenhoff appointees, had been a manager of a war industry in Cologne and was decorated by the Nazis with the *Kriegsverdienstkreuz* in 1943. The Bürgermeister for Food and Commerce, Hirtz, was a rich textile manufacturer who hated labor and loved Nazis; he told us that had it not been for the Jewish blood of his mother he would not have stayed out of the party—rumor in Aachen had it that this unsavory reactionary had tried persistently but vainly to join. The Bürgermeister for Economic Affairs, Faust, was an armaments engineer and a dour fascist. Finally, Oppenhoff's executive assistant in charge of personnel, a man with the strange name of Op de Hipt, was a high official in the Veltrup plant and a notorious informer who was responsible for the denunciation of foreign slave laborers to the Gestapo and perhaps for even worse deeds.

There was not a Social Democrat, a democrat, or a liberal in any top position, or in any secondary position, or in any third-rank position, although in the last free election, in 1932, Aachen had voted 20 per cent Social Democratic and 5 per cent Communist. Of the seventy-two key positions, so defined by Oppenhoff himself, twenty-two were held by Nazi Party members. One of these, an official named Anton Felser, was placed in charge of licensing food shops, a vital post. Herr Felser issued sixty-three licenses—thirty of them to Nazis or their wives. As a consequence Aacheners said bitterly, "Under the Americans you have to be a good Nazi to get permission to open a business"—a gibe about 50 per cent true. Another individual in an influential secondary position was Bolognini, a member of the Italian Fascist Party and one of Aachen's big war contractors, who had a rotten record as an employer of foreign labor. Oppenhoff appointed him to the potentially fat job of municipal building contractor. Upon the insistence of CIC a few Social Democrats were made policemen.

The people of Aachen, the overwhelming majority of whom were anti-Nazis, as they had proved by their defiance of S. S. attempts to evacuate them, viewed the situation with dismay. In the absence of established channels of communication, rumors multiplied the evils of the government a hundred-fold, although the bare truth was bad enough. People saw the massive *Regierungsgebäude,* once the home of the Gestapo, occupied by a new group of German masters, whom they dubbed variously the "clique" or the *"Herrenklub,"* and they asked cynically what difference there was between Nazi rule and American rule. Two intelligent middle-class girls whose father was in a concentration camp said to us: "It's the same old racket. But nothing can be done about such things in Germany. Germans have always been like that, and they will always be. We ask ourselves why a city of 11,000 people needs eight or nine Bürgermeisters? Before the Americans came, we had one Bürgermeister with one assistant. Now these *Herren* drive around in official automobiles while there is no gasoline to transport necessities for the people." And a Social Democratic worker, whose fifteen-year-old tubercular son was working on a public body-burying detail, at a time when members of the middle class were not forced to do communal labor, remarked: "We imagined it was going to be different. The British radio had said that all the Nazis would be wiped out. Now you see them everywhere in fine jobs and opening up stores."

The army's alert CIC investigated the situation, was alarmed to find so many Nazis and ultra-nationalists in power, and recommended their dismissal. MG, however, stood on its rights. The primary task of CIC being military security, it could recommend dismissal on the ground that an individual was a threat to the army, but it had no power to enforce its recommendation. To take the bite out of the Nazi-hunting CIC, MG appointed its own Special Branch to make separate investigations—as if there were any doubt about these men.

It turned out, however, that MG's own Special Branch made exactly the same recommendations as CIC, and so did my two colleagues and I when we were sent in to make an independent survey. All of us, separately and together, pointed out that the Oppenhoff administration was a reflection on America's intelligence and on the Allies' integrity. But Oppenhoff, the shrewd lawyer, and MG, his patron, had tied up things so cleverly that it was virtually impossible to rid the administration of undesirable characters. "Once a man is in office," an exasperated Special Branch lieutenant remarked, "it takes blasting to get him out."

The way the bureaucratic mechanism worked reminded one of a Rube Goldberg cartoon, except that it wasn't funny. A typical case would be that of Herr X. Oppenhoff appointed Herr X. CIC, in the course of its routine security check, found that he was a Nazi and recommended his dismissal. The name of Herr X was then sent to Special Branch for scrutiny. Special Branch approved CIC's recommendation and wrote out an "Action Sheet." The Action Sheet was sent to the MG head, who sent it to the American officer in charge of the department that employed Herr X. If this officer agreed with the recommendation, which he frequently did not, he forwarded the Action Sheet to the German chief of his department. The latter then took up the matter with Oberbürgermeister Oppenhoff. And Oppenhoff rushed to see the MG Officer and protested that Herr X was absolutely "indispensable." Oppenhoff, moreover, reminded the MGO that he had been originally assured the right to hire and fire whomever he pleased. As a rule, the MGO took Oppenhoff's word that Herr X was "indispensable" and retained him in office. There were 750 employees in the Oppenhoff administration, all of them more or less "indispensable."

On the rare occasions when the MG Officer braved Oppenhoff's displeasure and dismissed an objectionable individual, the Oberbürgermeister calmly appointed him to another position. When that happened, the whole cumbersome machinery was set in slow motion again—CIC, Special Branch, Action Sheet, MGO transmittal, American officer's recommendation, German division chief's complaint, Oppenhoff's protest—and in the meantime the official remained in power despite CIC's insistence that he was a threat to military security. A case in point was Dr. Brehm, one of Oppenhoff's Nazi friends whom

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he placed in a key post in the police department. CIC, objecting strongly to a Nazi in so strategic a position, put up a fight and had him kicked out. Oppenhoff then obtained for Brehm a license to practice law in Aachen, the first issued. CIC protested, and the license was revoked. Oppenhoff then made Brehm chief of the important *Wohnungsamt* (Housing Bureau). Again CIC, with the backing of Special Branch, managed to force him out. I left Aachen soon afterward and do not know where the ubiquitous Brehm turned up next. A similar case was that of Dr. Görres, an active Nazi Party member who had earned the Nazi commendation of *Wehrwirtschaftsführer* (Leader of War Industry). For this reason Oppenhoff and MG appointed him City Manager of Trade. CIC was able to have him dismissed, but he was given another job, this time not by Oppenhoff but by the MG legal officer, who made him technical consultant to investigate the affairs of an American corporation in Aachen.

Why did MG behave in such a strange way? Were MG officers consciously pro-Nazi? I think not. I am convinced that it was a case of political ignorance and moral indifference. They not only knew nothing about German problems or the German language, but with one or two exceptions they had no understanding of or interest in the causes and problems of the war, and hence no feelings about Nazism, either for or against. They were men who should never have been put in MG positions in the first place. Politically color blind and completely insensitive to the moral questions involved, they thought mainly of efficiency, and when they were told that a given Nazi or reactionary was "indispensable," that clinched the case for them. After we sent in our shocking report to Headquarters, the responsible MGO was summoned before his superior, a West Point colonel, and told sharply to clean out the Nazi-nationalistic gang. The MGO returned to Aachen and did very little. A few of the small fry were dismissed. As for the rest, MG officers argued that it took time to find qualified non-Nazis to replace the "indispenable" men. They made no sincere effort to locate non-Nazis.

After Oppenhoff was assassinated last winter—at the instigation of his own colleague Faust, the fascist armaments engineer, according to my informed Aachen friends—MG appointed Pontesegger, the Austro-fascist, to his place. I do not know whether he is still there, now that Aachen is under the British. Men of good-will can only hope that the British MG is a little more concerned with democrats and a little less tolerant of fascists than the American.

Six months after MG went into Aachen, it entered Munich and duplicated its earlier performance, but this time on a much vaster scale. As in Aachen, so in Munich the first thing MG did was to consult the head of the church. This time it was not a bishop but a cardinal, and the one was no greater lover of democracy than the other. Cardinal Faulhaber is reported to have described the democratic Weimar Republic in 1928 as founded on "perjury and treason"; now MG took his advice in setting up a civil administration. The Cardinal had the reputation of being anti-Nazi, but a Catholic priest who has spent years in concentration camps told friends of mine that "Faulhaber's activities against the Nazis were much overrated."

As a result of his influence MG handed over power to men of one political party, the reactionary Bayerische Volkspartei, on the assumption that it was truly representative of overwhelmingly Catholic Bavaria. The record, however, shows that the B. V. P. was actually a minority party, smaller than the Social Democrats. The figures of the last democratic election, that of November, 1932 (the election of March, 1933, was not representative, since it excluded the Communists), show that the Catholic B. V. P. polled only 25 per cent of the total vote, while the Social Democrats got 29 and the Communists 10 per cent. Today there is reason to believe that the Social Democrats have retained their strength and the Communists gained a considerable following.

The B. V. P. under the leadership of Oberbürgermeister Scharnagl, a figurehead, and Bürgermeister Stadelmayr, the real ruler, kept itself and its friends in power by means of skilful maneuvering. Of the eight department heads appointed by Stadelmayr, two were B. V. P. (Berrenburg and Ochs), one was non-partisan (Hamm), one was a Social Democrat (Preis), and four were Nazis (Meitinger, Keller, Kleeblatt, and Hindelamm). When the question of forming a new city council came up, Scharnagl chose the year 1929 as a base on which to apportion the candidates. In that year the Munich council of fifty contained seventeen Social Democrats, twelve B. V. P.'s, and three Communists, the rest being Nazis and Nationalists. Since this would have given the parties of the left twenty seats as against twelve for the B. V. P., Scharnagl asked the Social Democrats to cut their representation to ten and the Communists to two. The rest of the posts he arbitrarily apportioned among business and religious circles, and thus effectively smothered the left.

In setting up the provincial administration the B. V. P. under Minister President Friedrich Schäffer used similar tactics. The left was systematically kept from power, either by the appointment of the oldest and most weak-kneed Social Democratic politicians, whom even the Nazis could not find dangerous, or by procrastination. Four sexagenarian Social Democrats (Rosshaupter, Preis, Schieffer, and Wimmer), so tired and disillusioned that they were always muttering, "It could be a lot worse," were appointed to unimportant positions. Young and vigorous men of that persuasion were kept out of office. As early as last May 22 President Schäffer told the discontented Social Democrats—the Communists did not enter the picture—that if their chief, Dr. Wilhelm Högner, would return from exile in Switzerland he would be given any post he desired in the Bavarian ministry. Early in June Dr. Högner arrived in Munich, but nothing happened. It was not until General Eisenhower shook up the whole Bavarian administration late in September that Högner emerged from the obscurity to which the B. V. P. had relegated him and took over power.

Under Schäffer and Scharnagl the church exercised great influence. Schäffer was always in the company of leading church personages, including Cardinal Faulhaber. "Never," said one Social Democratic official, "have so many churchmen been seen in the Rathaus as now."

The policy of the church and the administration toward the Nazis, militarists, and reactionaries in Bavaria, I shall discuss in my next article.

[*This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Padover on Military Government in Germany.*]

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What About This Bureaucracy?

BY RUTH LANDES

(Miss Landes's Washington experience was in the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs and the FEPC. Previously she had been a member of the Anthropology Department of Columbia University.)

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S announcement that he intends to overhaul and streamline the multitude of offices in the executive branch of the government and the start already made in the Labor, State, and Commerce departments have raised the old cry of "Washington bureaucracy." This epithet has long been thrown at New Deal officialdom, and especially at the war-created agencies. It is used most freely by those who feel that the set-up in Washington—it may be the OPA, the WLB, the WPB, the Department of Agriculture, or some other agency with wide regulative authority—is agin' them. It is an opposition term, a pejorative that says plainly that Washington procedures are usually incompetent, often unnecessary, and possibly suspect.

Where there is this smoke, there must be some fire. The opposition may be hitting too hard and too wide, but it has something to hit at. Government employees in Washington *are* out of touch with responsible public opinion. Indeed, they are supposed to remain out of touch in order to retain their official integrity. The Hatch act penalizes frank political activity, and a Congressional statute of 1874 withholds the suffrage from the District of Columbia. Generally speaking, appointed officials in the executive branch of the government cannot give unauthorized speeches or interviews or receive formal recognition of their personal accomplishments. (They are not even supposed to receive a gift at Christmas time from a person of subordinate classification.) All assertions of individual thinking, whether in speech or writing, are discouraged by the requirement that they must first be submitted to a member of the legal or public-relations staff or to a supervisor. Study and reflection about the job are belittled on the ground that federal agencies are committed to action, not to planning programs.

The theory appears to be that government officials are simply anonymous exponents of agency policy. The responsible force is the administration, not the officials through which it acts. This is true not only of individual administrations like the AAA or the Veterans Administration or the War Department, but of the whole grand federal Administration. The reason why the theory falls down, and government officials are called bureaucrats—which often means "autocrats"—is that anonymity of this sort is thoroughly irreconcilable with the political practice of democracy. Anonymity of the bureaucratic type belongs properly in a totalitarian sphere of reference, where it is generally understood that an official is not a responsible authority, and where the public knows that it has no right of criticism.

What happens in Washington is that officials grow more and more remote from the flow of public needs. Paper work stacks high on their desks, and all communications must be handled through so-called "channels." One is in the government only a short time before one runs smack against "channels." In my case, it happened the third day after I was hired. I had to interview the newly appointed chief of a newly created emergency office, and the interview was arranged by the familiar device of phoning for it. Everything seemed fine, until some time later my boss was taken to task by the head of the personnel branch of an over-all agency. He said it was his job to clear such arrangements as I had made by telephone. It appeared that everybody involved in that interview should have been certified by this official, who to our uninitiated understanding had no discernible connection with it.

Knowing no freedom from "channels" after that, I understood the electric significance of an item printed several months ago to the effect that Mr. Stettinius, then Secretary of State, had substituted telephoned communications for routed paper work. (The WPB in its earlier period also encouraged the use of the telephone to expedite "preparedness," but this realistic procedure was soon superseded by tradition.) "Channeling" means recognizing authority while stressing anonymity. It means that no step can be taken without informing or inquiring of the person next highest in authority, who then passes it higher up, and so on. This is all done in writing, and as the desks are already piled high with memoranda, any particular communication may require some time for clearance, and occasionally gets lost.

Swamped with paper work, confused by forms, forbidden to exercise initiative or their critical faculties, office-holders are also protected from exposure to criticism. This is accomplished by that wall of anonymity which sometimes seems to the public like irresponsibility. When criticism or question appears in the press, most officials cannot answer except through channels. Most of them prefer not to answer under such circumstances, especially as it is bad form to come too often to the notice of the administrators. So little of self-esteem is allowed indeed to many federal officers that they look to sources like the lists of the old Dies committee for assurance that they still matter. Only last year a Washington official showed me proudly a copy of testimony filed with the Dies committee about his alleged subversive opinions.

It is a striking commonplace that most government workers in Washington complain of chronic fatigue—in spite of the fact that they enjoy very superior conditions of work. They have good food, good incomes, good medical facilities, ample sick leave and recreational and even mental-hygiene facilities. I imagine that this fatigue is a form of neurosis resulting from the suppression of practically every manifestation of their personality. Psychiatrists, including a former chief of the mental-hygiene section of Selective Service, believe that our nation's capital is an enclave of personality disorders.

Though anonymity is a shield against criticism, it is linked

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with an insecurity of employment that does not help morale, and that can contribute to arbitrariness. People are often dismissed without notice, and no one knows where the lightning may strike next. The agencies and the Civil Service Commission provide appeals machinery, but the procedure involves such delays that some plaintiffs prefer to forgo their rights. Since their personal opinions are usually the cause of their dismissal, they feel that they are made to suffer more humiliation than they find it necessary to tolerate.

There is also uncertainty about promotions. It is a mystery why a hard-working official of proved capacity should be passed over while another with no obvious qualifications is promoted. In this anonymous sphere there should be a machine-like progression of promotion. I believe there is some such theory, but under the war program men have been suddenly jockeyed up out of nowhere. There was the young man, twenty-seven years old, with merely high-school and clerical experience behind him who was suddenly presented with a $4,225 job—about which he did have the grace to express embarrassment. There was the union official brought in as a labor adviser at a superior salary, though his qualifications were confined to the field of union organization, who waited around while abler heads rolled in the gutter and finally found himself in the very top job in his department.

Anonymity is the basic evil in the Washington administrations. Possibly it once was desirable; it was part of the philosophy of small, peace-time agencies when government was largely a symbol of federation and touched the lives of voters at few points. But government in the executive branch has grown vastly since then. The hand of government is felt now in most of our major preoccupations. Who is responsible for the acts of the appointed officials?

Theoretically and ultimately the President is responsible, as the head of the executive branch of the government. Whether the agency has been created by executive order or Congressional enactment, the top executive officer is nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate; the staffs are hired through the Civil Service Commission. The immediate responsibility for carrying out the program of the various agencies rests with the staffs, that is, with those whose salaries range from about $8,000 a year down to $2,300. They are the technicians, the statisticians, the letter-writers, the lawyers and reviewers, the field investigators, the prosecutors. They are "the government."

By the nature of federal administration they are removed from the real situations in which the general citizenry finds itself trapped. They tend to seek solutions through paper work and closed conferences. This evil is less prominent in the field offices that are set up close to local problems and often staffed by local men. Washington has no roots in local situations. It is only the central office, to be appealed to when local facilities cannot handle a problem. The local staff feel local pressures and try to respond to them; their reputations can be made or marred there. The personal fortunes of Washington officials are touched only when the four-year cycle of Presidential elections wheels around. Then they may get thrown out. Yet even this cannot touch them professionally. They know that they are thrown out not because of their performance but because of party fortunes.

Under our present system, I doubt that the opposition could improve the performance if it filled all the posts with its own men. The remedy does not lie in a mere substitution of Mr. Brown for Mr. Smith. Washington officials are unreachable and consequently can be irresponsible because of the administrative philosophy that refuses to allocate responsibility to them. In no other career or scheme of organization are men conscious of so meager a sense of belonging, of contributing.

Our administrative system is outmoded. It clashes with modern notions of the procedures proper to a democracy. It smothers responses and adjustments to the country's changing needs. And it is a waste of much good human material selected conscientiously to handle our problems.

In the Wind

SCIENCE: "Every sensitive humanitarian," says a letter in the San Francisco *Chronicle* of September 26, "has reacted in horror to the savage atomic bomb. As a socialistic project under a New Deal brain trust of starry-eyed professors it is a flagrant example of the dangers of government meddling in the field of free enterprise. These same reformers now want a federal department of science to allow these same dreamers to continue their experiments, the end in view being, no doubt, to develop such new cheap sources of power as to undermine our way of life under private enterprise."

RELIGION: The Camelback Inn, Phoenix, Arizona, states in a brochure, "Clientele is rigidly restricted to 125 Gentiles. Priding itself on the quality of its patrons, the inn's 100 per cent restricted policy has met with wide approval from old guests."

MEDICINE: Lonnie Hearon, a sixteen-year-old Negro, was badly burned in a gasoline fire at a Memphis garage on September 26. In response to a call a private firm sent an ambulance to take him to a hospital. But it was an ambulance for white people only, and when the driver saw that the victim was a Negro he left him lying on the ground and drove away. An ambulance for Negroes came some time later. Lonnie Hearon died next day.

GOVERNMENT: Tamon Mayeda, who was Japan's Minister of Education in the Higashi-Kuni government and has been reappointed by Premier Shidehara, was formerly director of the Japan Institute, a pre-war propaganda outfit with offices in Radio City, New York.

QUESTION: William E. Laurence of the New York *Times*, who observed the effects of the atomic bomb in New Mexico and over Nagasaki, stated recently, "Atomic energy is here to stay; the question is whether we are."

STRIKE! "If we are really serious about sometime inculcating the Japanese with our democratic doctrines," said the New York *Herald Tribune* on September 26, "baseball would seem to be an excellent way to start."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. One dollar will be paid for each item accepted.*]

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BRITAIN: THE MIDDLE KINGDOM

BY CYRIL CONNOLLY

London, October 1

I AM writing on a sunny morning in my new house in Regent's Park. It is in a terrace of twenty-six houses, twenty of which are uninhabited. All suffered from bomb damage last summer, and the labor and expense of rendering them habitable is greater than the Borough Council will allot, even to private individuals who would pay for it themselves. One or two homeless people may be able to find a way around the regulations, but the majority of these lovely Nash houses will be turned into government offices by the Office of Works. I have been in my house since July but have not yet been able to take a bath there. For three months I have been down on a gas-and-electricity and a coal merchant's list. When one of these can supply me, preferably the coal merchant, I shall feel properly installed, but I shall still be without curtains, chair-covers, and stair-carpets, for all these materials are rationed, and only those who have been bombed out or have been married since the war are accounted in sufficiently grave plight to receive them. Before me stretch the 600 acres of Regent's Park, half of which is closed to the public till next summer because the turf over the bomb-disposal craters has not yet grown and because there are no chestnut stakes to make fences around them. I am smoking a large ladies' cigarette about six inches long, which I was lucky to find on sale, and reading the *New Statesman*. I stop to meditate on this sentence from the editor's diary: "Up at Smethwick the other day, where Patrick Gordon Walker is fighting the first of the autumn by-elections, I was amazed at the roar of approval which greeted the suggestion that we must stand on our own feet, even if this means tobacco rationing and fewer films next year. If it goes on being tough and outspoken to the Americans, the Labor government stands to score its first really big victory." My first reflection, inspired by my six-inch cigarette, is horror of the Anglo-Saxon puritan complex, in which the victim derives more pleasure from saying no than yes, and which makes it possible—in a country where everyone wears braces—for the idea of "belt" to suggest immediately the pleasure-reflex "tighten." Next I wonder if the incident means that this country is profoundly anti-American. The answer is, certainly not, and I think that by explaining what is behind the crowd's approval I shall be able to illustrate the present mood of England clearly enough to justify this long digression.

The power of a country is the power of its industrial potential, its coal-iron-oil. All "realists" accept this. But it is also more, and it can best be measured as a combination of coal-iron-oil with man-power and with an intangible, the validity of its myth. Where the myth is weak—as in czarist Russia or the old Austrian Empire, or France today—statistics are meaningless. The American myth, which I will call dollar democracy, is very strong, for it is a passionate belief in the union of liberty with comfort. Liberty makes you enjoy life. Comfort makes you forget death. An excellent combination. The Russian myth, equally powerful, is Stalin's invention, Blimp Communism—a collective economic socialism without liberty, wrapped in the flag of whichever nation accepts it. What is the English myth? A long pause. One knows what it used to be. The great, just, generous, free-trading, respectable, battleship-crowned British Empire of the nineteenth century. Then the last surviving form of that, the aristocratic green-lawns, gold-plate England of Baldwin and Chamberlain, with the City breathing appeasement, profit, and old port over a grateful world. That, too, has gone. And now there is only the last myth—the "finest hour," "blood, toil, and sweat"—the myth of 1940. That still is strong, and any appeal to it—stand up to Russia, do without America, and so forth—is always valid. But it is not constructive, and when we try to find a myth which corresponds to our temperament, abilities, and geographical situation we see how badly dented has been the British "persona," "soul," or "way of life" by American dollar democracy.

The American myth is so sympathetic to us that we have largely absorbed it, without unfortunately having the necessary resources to keep it up. Yet we cannot continue on this road without becoming a backward American state. Hence our desire to shake off the insidious American domination and to recreate a robust myth of our own. The Labor government is part of this myth—it reminds us not so much of the nineteenth century, whose splendor is over, as of our seventeenth century, when we were the most politically advanced country in the world, the home of Pym and Hampden and Cromwell, of the Levelers, Milton, and Locke. It is a proof that our political vitality is strong and that we can settle down to shaping a regime which is neither capitalist nor totalitarian and which reflects our unpretentious position as the middle kingdom. When we have forged an ideology in which we, our dominions, and Western Europe can believe, we shall have established an Atlantic civilization which will stand for the creativeness of the Western mind, with a planned security in which the harmonious relation of the individual to society is discovered to be a greater source of happiness than wealth, comfort, and tyrannous competition. It is because we feel, however dimly, that we are on the way to this, and that in this or perhaps the next Labor government we have chosen the right instrument, that there is such widespread optimism, and even excitement, to be found in all classes in England beneath our surface irritation and fatigue and our pessimism about immediate prospects.

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It would be pleasant to prophesy a renaissance in the arts, but I do not think that is likely to happen until the rewards of our political vision and economic planning have been established. Culture, to develop, requires a free mind and a full stomach, and there are still too many millions here without either. Thus although we talk about civil aviation, it is still quite impossible for most civilians to get anywhere near an aeroplane; we boast about the great tourist center England is going to be on the assumption that the tourists are going to come from all the countries where we allow no tourists ourselves, and that when they do arrive they will be delighted with the aggressive absence of comfort, manners, and taste which will be their welcome, and with that gloating "no" which is rapidly becoming our national greeting.

What effect has a Labor government on the arts? So far, of course, none. And in the near future it will have very little. What effect will the arts have on the Labor government? is a better way to put it. The Conservative attitude to the arts was ambivalent. Conservative politicians were reasonably well educated, and they knew something about art and literature—but they liked the arts to "keep their distance." Labor politicians know less but perhaps respect the arts more; and certainly are more aware of their possibilities as propaganda. But let us be practical. What is the highest level in each Cabinet at which a lover of the arts is found? Churchill, for instance, though a writer and painter, detested "intellectuals," whom he thought responsible for decadence, defeatism, and a Hamlet-like indecision over such obvious questions as India. Beaverbrook remarked that "there was no place for culture in war time" (conversely, there is now no place for him). Are things now any better? Bevin holds much the same view about intellectuals as Churchill. Morrison is reported to have said that he had no use for "the long-haired merchants"; his opening speech at the exhibition of painting by firemen was in our best philistine tradition. Professor Laski, fairly close to the very top, is our first prominent intellectual. On the lowest slopes of the pyramid, however, among the young M. P.'s, are several genuine lovers of art, and Labor's victory was certainly also largely due to the immense influence of small left-wing papers edited by intellectuals.

But there is a great deal more to be done. The state has got to take patronage over from the old aristocracy and from the merchant princes who are now too poor to maintain it, and the state must also learn to how be a wise, detached, and generous patron, not a slaughter-house for making propaganda sausage. In matters of taste, as in many matters of policy, the present government is far behind the people who elected it. Thus the year has witnessed a real revolution in English taste. The modern movement has won the battle; composers like Benjamin Britten, painters like Graham Sutherland, sculptors like Henry Moore, difficult poets like T. S. Eliot and Edith Sitwell, who seemed in the pre-war years to be buried under mountains of breezy humorists and complacent second-raters, are now almost national figures. They owe their large audience to the victory of serious critics and art-promoters such as Herbert Read, Sir Kenneth Clark, Edward Sackville-West, John Lehmann, and Stephen Spender over a motley collection of Conservative naggers, Vichy-type academicians, and opulent Fleet Street hacks. The danger is now from other directions. The best writers and painters are fast becoming the "best people," exposed to the terrible temptation of respectability. But if enlightened socialism gives England a myth in which it can believe, its artists will believe it too and, despite themselves, become responsible. Fortunately, the peerage is still many years off for most artists, who remain deprived of leisure, privacy, nobility, paper, paints, and canvas.

The sun is sinking behind the terrace, and I am still without my bath. Besides, there is an antipathy between artists and governments. Politicians do not take to the "long-haired merchants," who seem to achieve money and even fame without working for them, while artists, for their part, are not over fond of the dupes of power, of those men who, whatever their party, have apparently forgotten that they are going to die.

THE JEW IS A MYTH

BY KAY BOYLE

LET us take Madison Square Garden as parallel. It will serve as proscenium, not for the pomp and tomfoolery of the circus, not for the streaming, stampeding panic of the rodeo, but for a quite humble pageant of incarceration. For within Madison Square Garden will be inclosed eleven thousand Polish and Russian Jews. These Jews will have been arrested at their homes in New York City, will have been rounded up by the New York police in their apartments, rooms, tenement dwellings, where they have been living for a number of years. Entire families—old people, some of them scarcely able to walk, babies carried in their parents' arms—will be brought to Madison Square Garden, and they will be given the benches to sit on, but they will be forbidden to circulate in the empty arena below. There they will remain, seated, awaiting the performance which is never to take place, for they themselves are the performers as well as the spectators.

"The tide rose," writes an eyewitness of the scene. "The ring of misery widened hour by hour, invaded the amphitheater, reached to the roof, and came down to the row of boxes. Fresh files of people carrying suitcases surged through the dark entrances and were at once seized and devoured by the benches. . . . Everyone was seated and could sleep only seated. . . . Sleep thus lost its hours, its rights, its substance." As the hours passed, no food was provided, there was no question of washing. "By the end of the first day," continues the report of the eyewitness, "the latrines were full and overflowing. . . . There were a large number of women among the prisoners. . . . They menstruated. Soiled, ashamed . . . they searched everywhere for newspapers . . . they stained with blood the already impossible latrines. . . . Sickening pools spread everywhere. An intolerable stench filled the vast amphitheater and dishonored it." The first intermission in the performance will come on the fourth day, when certain of the spectator-performers, such as women in labor and persons actually too ill to be moved, will be evacuated either to hospital or to concentration camp.

Such a performance did take place. The date of its opening night was July 16, 1942, and it was not staged at Madi-

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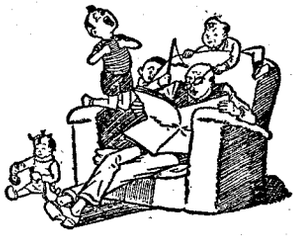

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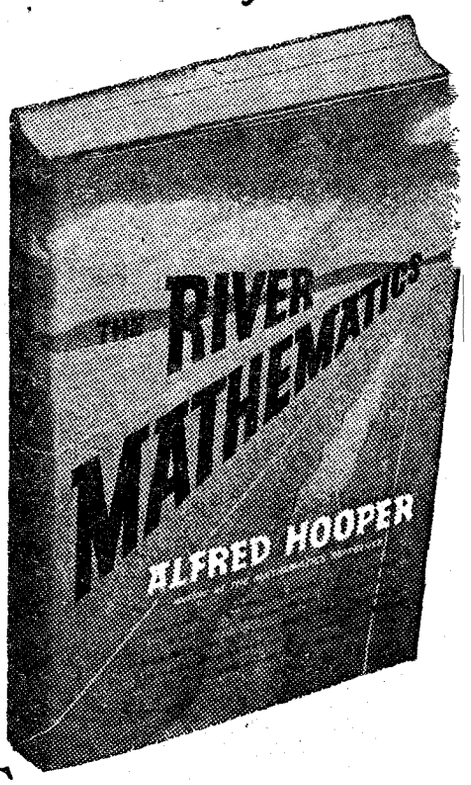

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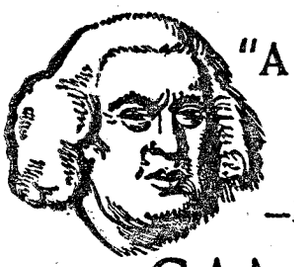

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son Square Garden in New York but at the Vélodrome d'Hiver in Paris. During the first days and nights of its run news of these mass arrests spread through the city, and a number of doctors, "nearly all Jews," volunteered their services to care for the eleven thousand prisoners. Among this group of doctors was the eyewitness quoted above—Dr. Charles Odic, not a Jew, but a Catholic of Breton stock.

"Only the children remained something like children," Dr. Odic writes in his book.* "They played, they ran about. If one looked closely, their games were not the usual kind. Invented as a necessity, they hid a deep distress of which I later had numerous proofs." They played, at least, until they succumbed to tuberculosis, to pneumonia, to starvation, or to the "furious epidemic of measles" which broke out in the Vélodrome d'Hiver. "As I leaf over the entry book, there is a T. B. mark against almost every name on every page," writes Dr. Odic when he follows some of these victims to Drancy. "When at last a doctor had an opportunity to listen, the child was lost. It could not be sent anywhere for a change of air. If Jews pay taxes even when the state has deprived them of all means of livelihood, they have no right to sanitariums. Vichy drove out all who were patients in such places. . . . Some day one coughs up a little patch of poppies, and then one arrives at the end of a journey so ill begun, a journey that might have ended so differently from in horror at the bottom of a pit of hate."

From this document, which deals with the despair of countless people, emerges an army of terribly living, unforgettable individuals. On these pages, which record the anguish of an entire race, is set down the shameful story of the Jews of France. "French to the core," writes Charles Odic, "Israel of France had the honor to bear our Cross when it was heaviest. What better patent of nobility!" There is Bertha Fraidrach, three years old, who must stand there naked in her bed forever, forever demanding that her mother be returned from her gas-chamber fate; there is Gaby Feld, who, "as she disappears under the arches of Death becomes Gabrielle," "a little Jewess, as humble as a violet in the woods, who Hitler had not foreseen would perfume her adopted country with the odor of her suffering"; there is Henri Krasnopolski, thirty months old, who explains to the doctor that the new-born babies crying near by "are not crying about the cocoa, but because they want their mommies who have been taken away." And then one day, our eyewitness writes, a child does not leave its bed. "By evening it is delirious. It still breathes, it breathes too hard, its little carcass wriggles on the straw, but its mind gallops afar on the swift courses of fever. It has broken its halter and escaped."

Dr. Odic, who was himself finally imprisoned in Buchenwald, holds no place in the world of contemporary French literature. Although he has written a book, he cannot be said to belong to any of the recent schools of French expression and thought which have been divided into "the literature of collaboration, the literature of occupation, and the literature of resistance." And yet how futile, when compared with his testimony of action and of faith, appear the rhetorical discussions of a *"littérature engagée"* and a *"littérature dégagée"!* How beggarly the cautious subtleties of a Gide written in the time of France's occupation! How utterly beyond debate the debatable roles that Guitry and Chevalier played! I believe that if no other book had been written in France during the years of its defeat, if no other book about those years had been made available to us here, Charles Odic's modest volume—revealing as it does the stature of its author—would alone serve as final answer and rebuke to the contemptuous doubts which have been advanced concerning the quality of French principles and French probity.

The Jew is a myth [Dr. Odic concludes], the myth of German impotence. There is no more useful myth.

The Jew exists because I have failed. Every time I fail, it is the fault of the Jew. Each of my failures shows the pattern of the Jew, and all these patterns make up "international Jewry."

A German has a nightmare. On awakening it is the Jew that he accuses.

"He wanted to ruin me, to soil me, to kill me."

"Who?"

"The Jew who hovered over my bed last night. That one, I recognize him."

"That cannot be, he was elsewhere."

"Then that one. All of them, for if it was not he, it was one of his."

* "'Stepchildren' of France." Roy Publishers. $2.50.

Burning the Letters

Here in my head, the home that is left for you,
You have not changed; the flames rise from the sea
And the sea changes: the carrier, torn in two,
Sinks to its planes—the corpses of the carrier
Are strewn like ashes on the star-reflecting sea;
Are gathered, sewn with weights, are sunk.
The gatherers disperse.

Here to my hands
From the sea's dark, incalculable calm,
The unchanging circle of the universe,
The letters float: the set yellowing face
Looks home to me, a child's at last,
From the cut-out paper; and the licked
Lips part in their last questioning smile.
The poor labored answers, still unanswering;
The faded questions—questioning so much,
I thought then—questioning so little;
Grew younger, younger, as my eyes grew old,
As that dreamed-out and wept-for wife,
Your last unchanging country, changed
Out of your own rejecting life—a part
Of accusation and of loss, a child's eternally—
Into my troubled separate being.

A child has her own faith, a child's.
In its savage figures—worn down, now, to death—
Men's one life issues, neither out of earth
Nor from the sea, the last dissolving sea,
But out of death: by man came death
And his Life wells from death, the death of Man.
The hunting flesh, the broken blood
Glimmer within the tombs of earth, the food

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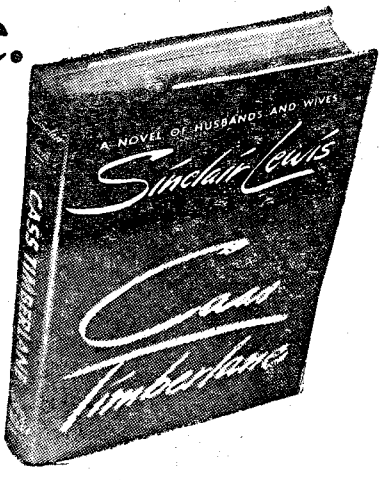

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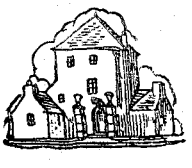

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Of the lives that burrow under the hunting wings
Of the light, of the darkness: dancing, dancing,
The flames grasp flesh with their last searching grace—
Grasp as the lives have grasped: the hunted
Pull down the hunter for his unused life
Parted into the blood, the dark, veined bread
Later than all law. The child shudders, aging:
The peering savior, stooping to her clutch,
His talons cramped with his own bartered flesh,
Pales, flickers, and flares out. In the darkness—darker
With the haunting after-images of light—
The dying God, the eaten Life
Are the nightmare I awaken from to night.

(The flames dance over life. The mourning slaves
In their dark secrecy, come burying
The slave bound in another's flesh, the slave
Freed once, forever, by another's flesh:
The Light flames, flushing the passive face
With its eternal life.)

The lives are fed
Into the darkness of their victory;
The ships sink, forgotten; and the sea
Blazes to darkness: the unsearchable
Death of the lives lies dark upon the life
That, bought by death, the loved and tortured lives,
Stares westward, passive, to the blackening sea.

In the tables of the dead, in the unopened almanac,
The head, charred, featureless—the unknown mean—
Is thrust from the waters like a flame, is torn
From its last being with the bestial cry
Of its pure agony. O death of all my life,
Because of you, because of you, I have not died,
By your death I have lived.

The sea is empty.
As I am empty, stirring the charred and answered
Questions about your home, your wife, your cat
That stayed at home with me—that died at home
Gray with the years that gleam above you there
In the great green grave where you are young
And unaccepting still. Bound in your death,
I chose between myself and you, between your life
And my own life: it is finished.

Here in my head
There is room for your black body in its shroud,
The dog-tags welded to your breastbone, and the flame
That winds above your death and my own life
And the world of my life. The letters and the face
That stir still, sometimes, with your fiery breath—
Take them, O grave! Great grave of all my years,
The unliving universe in which all life is lost,
Make yours the memory of that accepting
And accepted life whose fragments I cast here.

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The American Style

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE: SUPPLEMENT I: AN INQUIRY INTO THE DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLISH IN THE UNITED STATES. By H. L. Mencken. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

MR. MENCKEN has grown weary of the recurring task of ripping apart and rewriting "The American Language." He has gone through the process three times, and the third revision he has described as "almost appalling." It resulted in what was virtually a new book, almost two and a half times as long and inestimably better in scholarship than the original edition of 1919. All this is simply the penalty that attaches to writing a book so good that it can neither be superseded by the work of another nor be allowed to fall into obsolescence. Mr. Mencken's feeling is understandable but unfortunate, for it has led him into making an awkward compromise. Persuading himself that the projected fifth edition, running to an estimated 2,000 pages, would be too long for comfort, he decided to keep the fourth edition of 1936 in print and to add a supplementary volume to bring it down to date. The supplement, however, grew under his hand, and what is now published is merely the first half. "Supplement II" is promised, "if all goes well, in about a year."

"Supplement I" parallels the first six chapters, or shorter half, of the parent work and adds 789 pages of text and index to the 809 of the 1936 edition. "Supplement II," it is safe to predict, will be at least as long. The end product will be an overgrown work—a veritable *Handbuch* in the unforgettable German manner—of approximately 2,400

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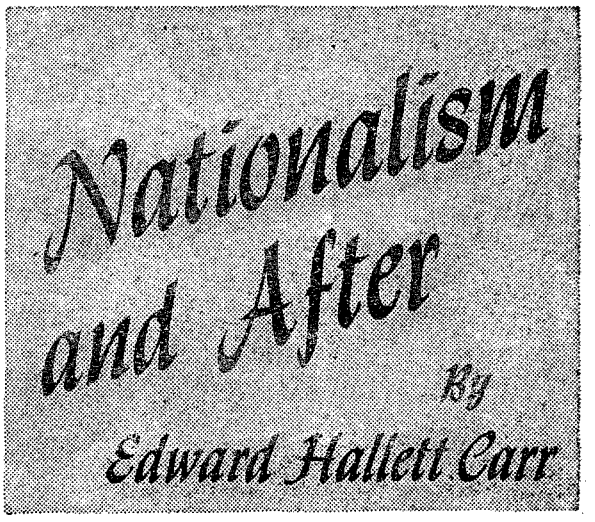
pages, needlessly long, expensive, and inconvenient to use because of frequent references from one volume to another for the treatment of a single topic, and because, also, of the necessity of consulting three separate indices. The author has done his best, however, to make the supplement easy to use. The order of topics is the same as in the original, and an ingenious set of bracketed catch-lines and quotations keeps the two volumes in complete alignment. There is remarkably little repetition of matter. The publisher's claim that "Supplement I" "may be read without reference to its predecessor" may be literally true, but it is not a procedure to be recommended. Incidentally, I am happy to say, the necessities of war time have compelled Mr. Knopf's designers, doubtless much against their will, to use paper of appropriate weight and thickness, with the result that "Supplement I" is lighter, compacter, easier to hold, and altogether comelier than "The American Language."

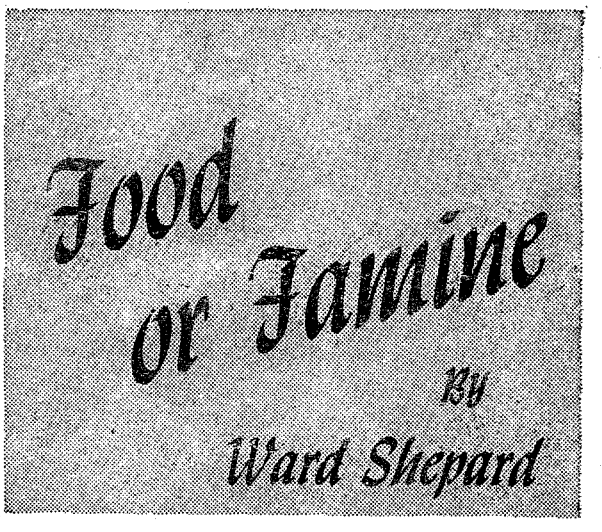
"Supplement I" corrects some errors in "The American Language" and sometimes adds more material from sources already utilized, but its chief function is to fit into the old framework the new materials made available during the past ten years. These include not only the huge miscellany forwarded to Mr. Mencken by his clipping bureaus, friends, and correspondents in all parts of the globe, a unique and valuable contribution by itself, but the "Dictionary of American English," the "Linguistic Atlas of New England," and such lesser yet formidable works as Berrey and Van den Bark's "American Thesaurus of Slang," the third volume of Thornton's "American Glossary," Ramsay and Emberson's "Mark Twain Lexicon," Fries's "American English Grammar," Kenyon and Knott's "American Pronouncing Dictionary," and Wentworth's "American Dialect Dictionary."

The mere enumeration of these works serves to show how the study of American English has advanced in recent years. Perhaps the chief service rendered by Mr. Mencken's first venture into the field, the "preliminary inquiry" of 1919, was its exhibition of an untilled field and its lampooning of American linguists for their neglect of their native speech. Mr. Mencken, fuming over his revisions, supplements, and indices, has got what he asked for, and in getting it he has made an enviable host of friends glad to share with him their observations and knowledge. His book testifies not only to his own industry but to his power to enlist the help of others and his punctilious courtesy in acknowledging it.

"The American Language" and "Supplement I" deserve, in a general way, all the praise that has been heaped upon them. Yet it is fatally easy to mispraise them. They are not a great original contribution to the study of American English. With the passing years Mr. Mencken has acquired a wider and more detailed knowledge of the field than is possessed by any professional scholar that I can name, and none of them could have written a book on the subject that would be half as interesting to the general public. Yet his scholarship, genuine though it is, remains doggedly unprofessional, unscientific. He is a lexicographer of the line of Johnson and Webster, endlessly curious about words and people, not a linguist like Henry Sweet or Edward Sapir, who pursue a more complex and elusive subject. Mr. Mencken's book—to take "The American Language," "Supplement I," and the projected "Supplement II" as a single work—is more pro-



International organization, says Professor Carr, must have "a higher ideal than orderly stagnation." In this timely and stimulating essay he analyzes the development of nationalism in the past, describes its crisis at present, and discusses the possibility of a workable internationalism for the future, based not on the security of nations but on the welfare of individuals. Professor Carr is the author of the widely discussed *Conditions of Peace.* $1.25



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found as a study of style than of language. He is little interested, it seems to me, in language as structure and mechanism; he is absorbingly interested in it as a revelation of the minds of its speakers. That is the great value of his book, and, from the linguist's point of view, its limitation.

GEORGE GENZMER

Pull Dick, Pull Devil

SAINTS AND STRANGERS. By George F. Willison. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.75.

ARTEMUS WARD said, "I believe we are descended from the Puritans, who nobly fled from a land of despotism to a land of freedom, where they could not only enjoy their own religion but prevent everybody else from enjoying *his*." Ward was a fairly low humorist in a period of dowdy local humor, but he managed to say that at a time when it badly needed saying. You will find this note at the back of the book, with many others that are just what notes should be, true marginalia, illuminating sparks flying out from the main narrative, sly, witty, apropos, full of health and purpose. Don't miss the notes; and you will also do well to take a look at the selected bibliography, if for no other reason than that you will think twice before rushing into an enterprise like this. In spite of the easy reading, this is a work of long-suffering scholarship. As a student of the period, having read more than two thousand "items" on that and related subjects, I assure you that when you have read it, you will know all you need to know, now or ever, about that group of early American settlers now called the Pilgrim Fathers, their lives and hazards in the Plymouth Plantation.

Whatever else Mr. Willison does in his career of writing, teaching, editing, it would be useful and heroic of him to abandon everything else and devote his days to clearing up and putting in shape other murky, demon-haunted spots in American history. As a nation we are in danger of becoming myth-ridden to a point where our true story will be lost. Rarely have I seen a handsomer job of imposing chronological order, narrative sequence, and the plain facts of the matter on utter chaos than in this book. It is a pattern for writing from documentation, and is the first completely understood, coherent account, in all its large importance and pettifogging, abject detail, that I have seen not written by a specialist for other specialists. The large importance takes care of itself: the story is told in terms of personal experience, of human relationships on every plane of society, event modifying event, character striking sparks from character; and the eternal conflicts and sympathies between religion, economics, and politics could hardly be more clearly and fairly presented.

These English emigrants from Holland by way of England were not, it seems, Puritans in the technical sense of the word. That title belonged to the later theocrats of Massachusetts Bay. The Pilgrims were not theocrats, either; they were Separatists in every sense: separated from other Christians by God's own election; separated from the mummeries and superstitions of the Church of England; separated from the things of this world, so far as they were able. This turned out to be the most difficult clause. They began with fairly definite notions of communal property interests, a ban on profits and usury, a more or less clear division between the secular and the religious office. So far so good; but during the long years of hardship in Holland that mere handful of not very imaginative or intelligent people had gone maggoty-minded with their troubles and the religious manias of their time, and had reached the benumbing conclusion that they were God's Chosen and nobody else at all was in His favor. In time they became so Elect they could no longer mingle with their fellow-men on any reasonable terms. They got so they could hardly endure each other, for they were all saints but no two in the least alike, and such uniqueness is more than the human soul can bear, the terrible spiritual pride of Chosenness brought to its dead end. They really had the effrontery to call themselves Saints. And their fellow-voyagers outside the Discipline they called Strangers.

Nothing could be less true than that they were looking for religious freedom in this country. This is a myth of later times; freedom of thought and of conscience as we regard them were abhorrent to the Pilgrims. They had religious freedom in Holland, but so had everybody else, and this was a condition intolerable to them. In England their activities were treasonable: in liberal Holland they were mere economic liabilities and social nuisances. During that time they must have learned that no religion has any real power without the support of the state. Their intention, they believed, was pure and unworldly: they were to restore the Golden Age of primitive Christian unity and simplicity of

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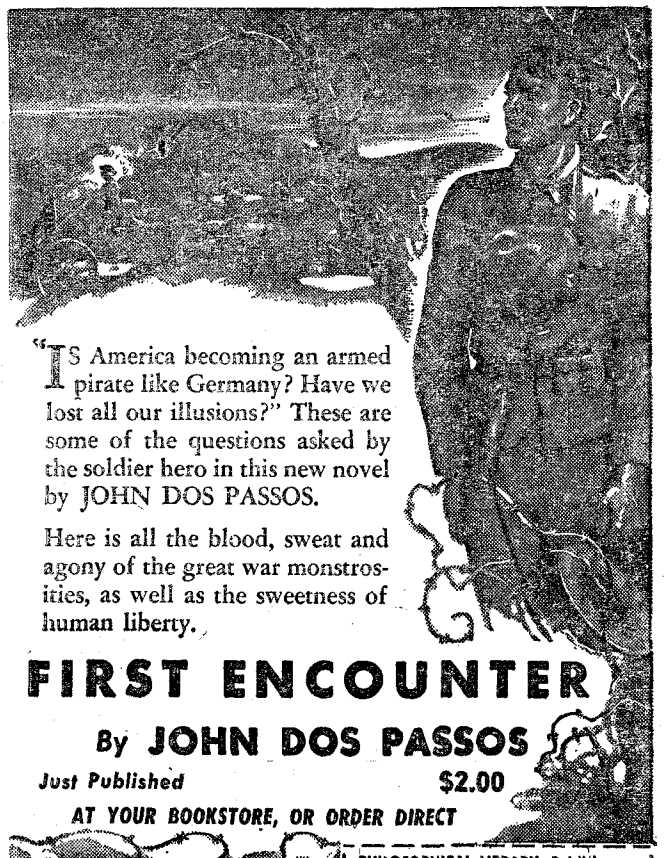
faith. That such an age had never existed made no difference—they would restore it. They needed for this great spiritual undertaking a new country, economic independence and stability, and a body politic of their own devising. They moved toward this goal slowly and painfully, making all the blunders and self-defeating errors of men divided in their minds. After years of the most hysterical quarreling and religious scandals among themselves, political ruses and stratagems never quite successful, a long drama of cross-purposes, cheats, double-dealings, ineptitudes, and false starts in their dealings with the merchant adventurers who were trying to make of them a profitable commercial enterprise, a company of 102 men, women, and a preposterous number of children set sail on the Mayflower in September, 1620.

Nobody had enough money or clothes or bedding or supplies of any sort. The Pilgrims, having been farmers or artisans, had decided to become fishermen, but they did not bring enough fishing gear even to supply fish during their periods of starvation. The farmers had not brought any agricultural implements to speak of, and had forgotten the first year's supply of seed corn. The artisans had not proper tools of their trades. The saltmaker on whom they depended for salt to cure the fish they were going to catch without any tackle couldn't, after all, make salt. He had only said he could. I have mentioned the large number of children. It may occur to more than one reader as he follows Mr. Willison through the almost unbelievable series of disasters that follow that the children might have managed things better.

Not all the Voyagers were Saints by a long shot, and that made trouble. Nearly half of them belonged to the category known to the Fathers as Strangers. These were for the most part well-meaning, fairly well-behaved persons who had been christened in the Church of England and like any decent churchman had never given the matter another thought. Even in mid-voyage the Saints began harassing and oppressing them into the Holy Discipline. The struggle was to go on for years, and Mr. Willison follows every step of it to the bitter end. For example, take the threatened mutiny on board the Mayflower just on the point of landing. Bradford tiptoes over this in his account, but Mr. Willison ferrets out the names and histories of the malcontents, and places the incident in its proper relation to the celebrated covenant drawn up by the Separatists and signed by all or nearly all on board. This agreement has been romantically described as the first charter of American freedom, which it was not, nor was ever meant to be. It was an instrument designed to bind to obedience the dissenting classes, represented by indentured servants, hired men, and a few of the more respectable Strangers who showed fight at the last uneasy moment.

Mr. Willison quotes from the records with splendid effect, turning on, now and then, in the midst of his own easy colloquial prose that noble Elizabethan English in which some very paltry aims and dubious sentiments and questionable motives were disguised in phrases that lift the heart in a momentary and largely misguided impulse of belief and sympathy. As for rebuke and fault-finding, downright slanging, there was never a better language for it. Everybody who could write at all had it at pen's point; they were as



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loquacious as the Greeks and as censorious as Puritans, and it makes wonderful reading.

With all this admirable work, done with such human tenderness and natural good humor, with all the virtues of the book as history, Mr. Willison has succeeded brilliantly in every detail but one: he has not been able to make his Pilgrims attractive, either as saints or sinners. But if God Himself could not do this, or at least did not choose to do so, our historian may well be content with his achievement and his readers with him. For myself, they are no forefathers of mine, and I still feel about them as the Dutch did, and large numbers of their fellow-Englishmen, and most of their contemporaries in other regions who shared the furious labors of settling this country and founding this nation. Their virtues are simply not great enough to overbalance their disturbing lack of charm. And I wish I might never have to hear again that they brought the idea of political and religious freedom to this country. It got in in spite of them; and has had rough going ever since, which is the fault of all of us. KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

BRIEFER COMMENT

Virginia Woolf's Fiction

SO MUCH OF JOAN BENNETT'S study, "Virginia Woolf: Her Art as a Novelist" (Harcourt, Brace, $2), consists of long quotations that the jacket candidly declares that "as an anthology of Virginia Woolf this book has its special pleasures," a sentence which illustrates a happy ability to find a silver lining. Indeed, Mrs. Bennett forces one to reflect upon how frequently the weak critic makes quotation a substitute for and escape from critical analysis. If one is prepared to wade through large blocks of Mrs. Woolf's prose which are better encountered in her novels, and if one is patient enough to drag one's mind through countless trite formulations—"the experience of love, like the experience of death, is shown in Virginia Woolf's novels as part of the pattern of human life"—then it is possible to come upon a few just observations.

In general, however, though Miss Bennett has chapters dealing with such matters as character, form, and values she makes little use of the important critical means: the generalization of the recurrent preoccupations of an author, the definition and evaluation of the work through comparison with other authors, and above all the employment of a sense of time, place, and society. Mrs. Woolf's rejection of the realism of Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells, her obsessed concern with being a woman, the over-literary and over-lyrical quality of her style, and the extent to which she made the soliloquy the center of her work—these are matters of which one is merely reminded by Mrs. Bennett's book. One is also reminded of Virginia Woolf herself, for the quotations as such suggest the image of some marvelous soprano who from the darkness of old phonograph records sings passionately and pathetically that life is beautiful, noble, and tragic, that no one knows anyone, and that we are all forever lost. DELMORE SCHWARTZ

Pictures and Prattle

ALMOST THE SOLE MERIT of Sidney Janis's "Abstract and Surrealist Art in America" (Reynal and Hitchcock, $6.50) is that it prints the names and reproduces, among other things, the paintings of several advanced artists whose work deserves to be better known. Its text, however, is lamentable. This compost of exalted prattle ("New realities are symbolized which transcend commonplace representation; the secret life of the object; the dynamics of an expanding universe; etc., etc.") and irresponsible pronouncement ("Science is the open sesame of twentieth-century art, and artists have entered where angels fear to tread") is not new. A good deal of French writing about art since Faure exhibits it. But only lately, with the migrations of the surrealists and the expatriates, has it begun to show in English writing. Not that we don't have our own brand of flapdoodle, but it has been so closely associated with the rejection of modern art that it has long since lost its credit. The danger in rhetoric of Mr. Janis's sort (compare the art dealers on holiday who used to fill the text pages of the *Cahiers d'Art*) is that it sounds up to date and comes packaged with reproductions of Picasso and Mondrian.

There is no use quibbling: art writing has a bad name at present, and rightly. In no other field—except politics and perhaps music—can one get away with such hokum in print. The reason is obvious. There has not yet matured a body of good taste within the art world that could call to account statements made in public about art. If such a control were present, the patient work Mr. Janis has put in as a collector would not have been frustrated, for the purposes of this book, by audacities of language and sense committed simply because the license for them was found in contemporary practice. CLEMENT GREENBERG

From the Amoeba to G. M.

IN THE COURSE of a year I plow through a great deal of propaganda for private enterprise. It is business seldom alloyed with pleasure, for few of the authors combine sincerity with ability to write. One of the exceptions, with whom hitherto I have been able to enjoy disagreeing, is James Truslow Adams, and it is with real regret that I have to report that his latest book, "Big Business in a Democracy" (Scribner's, $2.75), is a badly bungled job. It is poorly organized, it rambles, it repeats itself *ad nauseam,* it indulges in cheap sneers at opponents, and it abounds in personal anecdotes which often serve to tangle the threads of argument rather than draw them together.

The trouble, perhaps, is that Mr. Adams has bitten off more than he can chew and allowed himself no pause for digestion. He sets out to prove that big business in America today is not only essentially different from big business anywhere else at any time but is the very web and woof of American democracy. This is an idea which, as he says, must be viewed in perspective, and in order to get the right angle on it he goes back a billion and a half years to the beginnings of geological time. From this vantage-point he whirls through history, tracing social evolution from the amoeba to the highest form of business life—General

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Motors—to whose glories nearly half his book is devoted.

This biggest of big businesses, we learn, is a truly democratic, public-spirited organization. Its executives, all recruited from the ranks, labor ceaselessly to provide the community with more for less. Its labor relations were exceptionally smooth, despite its anti-union policy, until the "notorious" Wagner act encouraged agitators to invent grievances for its employees. During the war, like most other American businesses, it has performed prodigies of production with no thought of profit. If this statement were true—a recent War Production Board report showing that 1944 industrial profits exceeded those of 1929 appears to contradict it—it might seem to conflict with Mr. Adams's belief that the only effective incentive to effort is the hope of gain.

Admittedly, General Motors, once the government had overcome its reluctance to abandon normal business, made an impressive record in war production. But when Mr. Adams harps on the technical achievements of this and other big businesses he misses the point made by the progressive economists he despises. The charge against private enterprise is not that it falls down as a producer but that it has failed to evolve a system for continuously distributing its product and, as a result, is in perpetual danger of choking itself to death. This aspect of the "free-enterprise system" cannot be dismissed, as Mr. Adams dismisses it, with a contemptuous reference to "new thinkers."

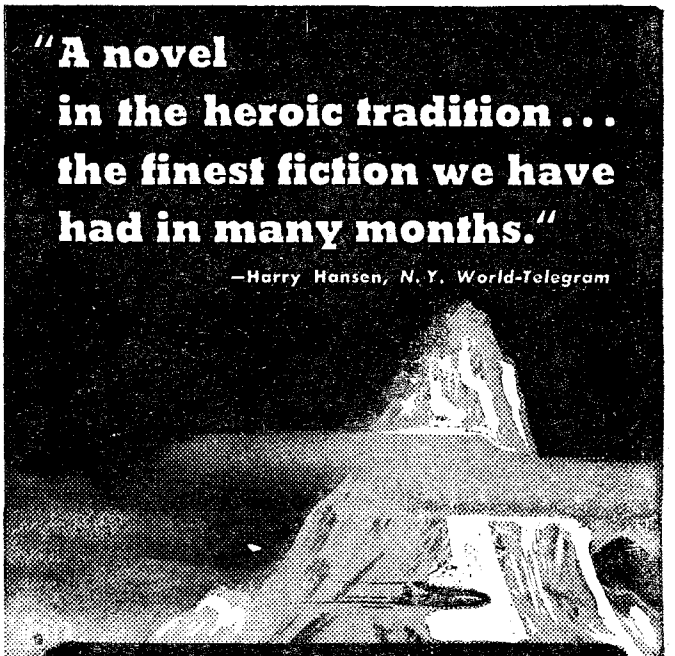
KEITH HUTCHISON

Dr. Merriam Sums Up

THE DEAN OF AMERICAN POLITICAL SCIENTISTS, Charles E. Merriam, has gathered together the fruits of a life work in "Systematic Politics" (Chicago, $3.75). Every problem of government is fruitfully discussed, and every perplexing issue is illumined by a mind which is informed not only by a lifetime of study in the academic disciplines but by long experience in practical affairs of government.

A strongly optimistic note runs through the whole study. Professor Merriam declares: "I am assuming the infinite perfectibility of man. I am assuming the validity of the continuing creative evolution of mankind in the direction of higher levels." Purely deterministic theories of historical development are rejected for more voluntaristic conceptions of human progress: "Governmental processes are not merely wormlike squirmings in which men are enslimed without gains or goals but are parts of a process of transition from darkness to light, from slavery to freedom, from drift to mastery."

Dr. Merriam is certain that since "our expanded knowledge of the nature of human personality, of the habitat of man, the characteristics of population, etc., is far more extensive and intensive than was available in the days of Aristotle, Bodin, and Montesquieu," we must therefore be "in far better position to appraise and utilize the personal, geographic, ethnic, economic, and social factors establishing the needs and conditions of political association and human progress." And he closes his study with the hopeful words: "The greatest of all revolutions in the whole history of mankind is the acceptance of creative evolution as the proper role of man, for this will eventually transform the spirit and



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the institutions of education, of industry, and of government, opening a broad way to the realization of the finest and highest values of human life."

Within the framework of this optimistic appraisal of the course of human history the book abounds in shrewd analyses of detailed political problems and illuminating discussions of general principles. But is the framework adequate in a day when we are not at all sure that we have the political instruments with which to prevent the atomic bomb from becoming the means of our mutual annihilation? Is this optimism warranted in an age in which the experience of two world wars has not yet given us the resources to establish the kind of world order which will prevent such wars?

One reads such a great work with gratitude for all the wealth of wisdom which enters the discussion of detailed problems but with a sense that the task of establishing a genuine community within the framework of a technical civilization is more difficult and the road toward the goal more tortuous than the author assumes. REINHOLD NIEBUHR

VERSE CHRONICLE

Lewis and MacNeice

C. DAY LEWIS is at heart the most conservative of the poets who used to make up what was called the Auden circle. Beneath the left-wing politics, the Freudian imagery, and the "sprung" rhythms of his verse is an instinctive faith in conscience, courage, and the English countryside. He is in fact very close to such poets of his race as Masefield and Tennyson; and we may live to see him the Laureate yet. We shall, however, probably never see him turn into a poet of the first order. There is in him too little of that flair for ambiguity and contradiction which seems to be the prerequisite for great poetry in this furiously complicated age. No figures of doubt ever haunted his political verse as the sinister Airmen and Healers once did that of Auden. And though his recent poems are full of a new anxiety, it is the plain, untranscendental anxiety of a disappointed radical who has not, like Auden, read Kierkegaard.

But Lewis's traditional and single-hearted idealism is also his strength in the degree that he is content to recognize it and write by it. It is certainly very much in evidence in "Short Is the Time" (Oxford, $2.25); and perhaps that explains why there is in this new volume less of the empty exuberance, the pretense and pastiche, that weakened so much of Lewis's earlier work. The poetry in "Short Is the Time" seems to acknowledge that since it cannot be great it has to be good. Much of it is exceedingly well written, and even though the effectiveness of the poems is more in the part than in the whole, they testify to an observant and cultivated mind. Indeed, The Nabara, a narrative based on a heroic incident of the Spanish civil war, is probably Lewis's best long poem to date. Remembering the tragic confusion of Spanish politics, one has to suspend a lot of disbeliefs in order to accept fully Lewis's enthusiasm for the do-and-die spirit of his protagonists; one can only say that somehow he does make you accept it.

> Slowly they nosed ahead, while under the chill North-Wester
> Nervous the sea crawled and twitched like the skin of a beast
> That dreams of the chase, the kill, the blood-beslavered feast:
> They, too, the light-hearted sailors, dreamed of a fine fiesta,
> Flags and their children waving, when they won home from the east.

Lewis is here writing—one would guess consciously—in the English epic tradition which produced The Revenge, The Battle of Agincourt, and Chevy Chase. Undoubtedly that is one reason why The Nabara is so much more the real thing than Robert Nathan's "Dunkirk" and other writings by the Homers of our American *Saturday Review of Literature,* whose sole tradition is Hollywood.

Less ambitious than C. Day Lewis, Louis MacNeice has usually seemed the surer artist. Witty, elegant, and a little diffident, MacNeice writes verse so ingeniously musical that it succeeds despite a certain poverty of thought and energy. Yet the poems in his most recent book, "Springboard" (Random House, $1.75), are certainly disappointing. They seem rather tired and dispirited, as London is said to be after five years of war. The best things in the book are two crazy lyrics, Swing-Song and Nuts in May, which are almost as good as the wonderful Bagpipe Music of a few years ago. For the rest, MacNeice seems to be writing just in order to keep his hand in. But in a curious poem called The Kingdom there is evidence that he is experimenting with a sort of home-made and secular mystique of personality. He makes clear that for him liberalism is exhausted and religion impossible; yet there remains the power of individuality, of living one's own life.

> Under the surface of flux and of fear there is an underground movement,
> Under the crust of bureaucracy, quiet behind the postures,
> Unconscious but palpably there—the Kingdom of individuals.

These are the rather flat opening lines of The Kingdom; the body of the poem undertakes the highly ticklish job of describing some of the people who compose this conspiracy. Alas, as MacNeice portrays them they seem more quaint than fine, not so much individuals as "characters."

> Take this old man with the soldierly straight back
> Dressed in tweeds like a squire but he has not a squire's presumption,
> His hands are gentle with wild flowers, his memory
> Latticed with dialect and anecdotes
> And wisps of nature poetry; he is of the Kingdom,
> A country-lover and very English . . .

Can MacNeice have been reading "You Can't Take It with You"? Apparently what qualifies a man for membership in the Kingdom is that he should simply be "different" in a funny sort of way—rather an unlikely idea on which to base a fairly long and comparatively solemn poem. And the dimness and foolishness of the whole conception are reflected in language that is strangely without nerve or color. "Latticed" is clever, but does it really help?

F. W. DUPEE

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FICTION IN REVIEW

Of Husbands and Wives

LAST week, in writing about André Maurois's "Woman Without Love," I spoke of certain French attitudes toward marriage which seemed to me to be quite retrograde compared to current American attitudes. Now the appearance of Sinclair Lewis's "Cass Timberlane" (Random House, $2.75) brings me again to the marital subject. Just as each of Mr. Lewis's novels is *about* something—about medicine, or religion, or hotel-keeping, or the theater, or philanthropy—"Cass Timberlane" is about husbands and wives. Divided between the story of the courtship and marriage of Cass and Jinny Timberlane and an anatomy of married life as practiced by a great many other couples in Grand Republic, Minnesota, it is Mr. Lewis's attempt to investigate marriage as he has already investigated other arts or professions, as on a parity with, say, medicine or acting.

Of course we are always as quick to resist generalizations about ourselves as we are to make generalizations about others, and there may therefore be a touch of prejudice in my repudiation of Mr. Lewis's picture of American marriage when I was so ready to offer my own anatomy of French marriage on the basis of Mr. Maurois's novel. But on the other hand, it was less the purposeful substance of Mr. Maurois's novel than its accidental revelations that struck me as meaningful; and on the level of implicit attitudes "Cass Timberlane" is a curiously unrevealing book. Especially in its subsidiary chapters, in what Mr. Lewis calls "an assemblage of husbands and wives," it is chiefly a restatement of familiar American sentimentalities and cynicisms about marriage. Whereas in books like "Main Street" and "Babbitt" it was Mr. Lewis's special gift to be able to explore the social value of habitual manners and attitudes of which we had hitherto been scarcely aware, in "Cass Timberlane" he deals almost entirely in observations that have been part of our cliché-thinking about love and marriage for many a year.

And obviously, while the clichés of a society may grow out of its implicit attitudes, the two are not to be confused. That there is at least a considerable time-lag before an even widespread cultural assumption receives general expression we can see illustrated, from Mr. Lewis's own work, by the history in our society of the Arrowsmith ideal of marriage. Even when "Arrowsmith" was published, in 1925, no one questioned the validity to American life of the relationship of Leora and Martin; and with the passing years this Arrowsmith pattern of marriage has surely become more and more our ideal. But our popular talk about marriage—by which I mean our marital jokes and the easy, unthoughtful pictures of marriage in our popular arts—has not yet caught up with this development.

Certainly, compared to the Arrowsmiths, the Timberlanes are significantly out of date. Instead of the relatively mature and tender and loyal Leora, Mr. Lewis gives us a Jinny who is most unfashionably infantile for twenty-three or twenty-four, and whose marital manners are as outmoded as they are tartish. Or instead of the firm and self-respecting Martin, we are given Cass Timberlane, who, despite being forty-one

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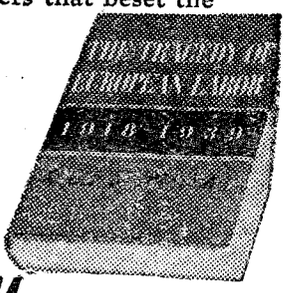

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years old and vested with the dignity of a judgeship, a Congressional past, and a divorce, is quite incredibly soft-headed in his devotion to such a silly girl. No doubt there was something intended to be sweet in Cass's moon-calf adoration of Jinny, and something intended to be fortifying in the spectacle, in this day and age, of so much male chivalry and self-abnegation as Mr. Lewis imputes to his hero. But for one reader the Timberlane love story was only an embarrassment when it wasn't an irritation.

I do not know whether the Cass and Jinny story was meant to be read against the background of Mr. Lewis's marital survey or whether Mr. Lewis's tour through the lives —chiefly the bedrooms—of the good citizens of Grand Republic was meant to be read against the background of the Timberlanes. That is, I am uncertain whether the marriage of the Timberlanes is an example or an exception. Taking these subsidiary chapters alone, however, without their reference to the story of the Timberlanes, they are as depressing when they disclose their occasional happy union as when they weight the melancholic scales. For even in Mr. Lewis's picture of a happy marriage there is no sense of the day-by-day dialectic of two complicated human beings; there is only the sense of some quaint accident of chemistry. The planning together of a marriage, the setting up of the family with a shared moral, social, and economic responsibility, is nowhere suggested by Mr. Lewis's husbands and wives; yet it is as much in the failure of joint hope as in the failure of individual hope that a good part of the tragedy of marriage resides. This is not to dispute Mr. Lewis's observation of some of the common marital pitfalls—an unmatched sexuality, an unmatched ambition, or any other of the unadjustable discrepancies of the human temperament. It is simply to question Mr. Lewis's estimate of marriage as the sum only of its most sensational personal frustrations or satisfactions.

But I suppose it is not alone an approach to a social institution that is involved here, but an approach to people; even the bird's-eye-view method that Mr. Lewis employs in these short subsidiary chapters of "Cass Timberlane" would suggest a low human tolerance. The compression of the whole span or essence of a life into so brief a compass, or a view of life from the distance of complete non-participation on the part of the author, always seems to me to evoke the chill air of an obituary notice. John Dos Passos, for instance, uses both these methods—the method of over-compression, in his interspersed biographies; and the method of non-participation, in the treatment of the characters whom he follows even through several volumes—and they are what produce, I think, the strangely mortuary tone of his novels; because Mr. Dos Passos can give so little affection to the people in his books, we ourselves can give little affection to his books, however much we may admire and respect their intention. Well, no one can fall more in love with his characters than Mr. Lewis; but, too, Mr. Lewis has never conceived a character who was entirely immune to his satire. There is a lack of true human affection in his novels similar to the lack of affection in Mr. Dos Passos's novels. The victim, so to speak, of his own divided heart, Mr. Lewis cannot help victimizing his fictional creations—and if not by satire, then by robbing them of some of their due share of life.

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Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

TWO new melodramas—each pretty good in its way—compose the subject of this week's report. One of them is provided with a moral for the moment and the other one isn't, but the difference between them is not so great as might be supposed.

"The Ryan Girl" (Plymouth Theater) is the one without any social significance. Its author is Edmund Goulding, dimly remembered on Broadway for "Dancing Mothers" and more recently active in Hollywood. He has dug up the good old plot about a mother's sacrifice for a son who does not even know that she is in any way related to him, and then modernized that plot so completely that most spectators will probably never be reminded how many of the old-fashioned "well-made" plays were built upon it. This time the son is a returned hero who, so we learn, had been given away in infancy to a female pal of his chorus-girl mother. His father, a rather stupid minor gangster more recently resident in South America in order to escape a murder charge, gets the idea that if he were to turn up in New York and establish his claim, no patriotic jury would convict the father of so great a hero. He comes, tells the boy's mother (who still loves both father and son) what his scheme is, and it is up to her to find a way out. The very captious may complain that the play does not really have much action, that once the situation has been stated the playwright is compelled merely to mark time as interestingly as he can until the rather simple and not wholly unpredictable solution is reached. The fact remains, however, that "The Ryan Girl" is, on its own level, a very good show. Thanks in considerable part to a lively if not very subtle performance by June Havoc, a very good performance by Edmund Lowe as the gangster, and a superb one by Una O'Connor as the faithful old servant, "The Ryan Girl" will probably have a long stay at the Plymouth.

Now Mr. Goulding's plot is what I suppose can best be described as an artificial one. That does not mean that events like those he imagines could not happen; it does mean that they could be set in motion only by a series of unlikely coincidences, and that since similar things happen far more frequently on the stage than they do in life, his play can hardly be considered a discussion of any pressing contemporary problem. The Messrs. d'Usseau and Gow, whose most recent previous play was "Tomorrow the World" and who now turn up with "Deep Are the Roots" (Fulton Theater), do not go in for that sort of thing. Casting about for another current topic, they do not have to look very far to discover the race problem in the South. Their returned hero is a Negro, and so they start with a natural rather than an artificial situation. Few returned heroes have murderers hidden in their background; a considerable number are black. No remarkable series of coincidences is necessary to set the plot in motion. Negro soldiers constitute a problem, as the sons of murderers do not.

To many people, no doubt, it will seem that little more need be said concerning the respective merits of the two plays. Obviously "The Ryan Girl" is largely theatrical claptrap while "Deep Are the Roots" is, they will say, serious drama performing an important social function. But the matter is not really so simple as that. Having started with what I call a natural situation, the authors of "Deep Are the Roots" are faced with two questions. First, have they anything to say that has not already been said a good many times before? Second, just how much artificiality are they going to introduce in order to keep their play moving on the level of popular theatrical entertainment?

The first of these questions they answer honestly if not brilliantly. They haven't much new to say, but they say it in an intelligent and straightforward manner, even though they sometimes sound less like men who have observed life in the deep South than like well-intentioned students of that abstraction called race prejudice. At least, however, they are trying to be reasonable, and they are not intolerably self-righteous. For their second problem they have found a less happy solution, and having started with a natural situation, they introduce more and more artificial elements in order to achieve melodramatic effects. Perhaps the best way to explain what I mean is to cite the fact that their climax is precipitated when it is discovered that the younger daughter of the old "white-supremacy" Senator is in love with the Negro soldier and, indeed, offers to marry him. In the end the authors themselves get around to admitting that the right of a Negro to marry a white woman is not at the moment one of the rights which it is most im-

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portant to him to win. But that is not all. The love complication is not a natural development of the natural situation. For reasons that a psychologist could no doubt explain easily enough, even liberal young girls brought up in the traditional Southern fashion do not often fall in love with Negroes. The situation which presupposes that one of them has done just that is only one degree less artificial than that which presupposes a great hero with a murderer for father. And artificiality was introduced into "Deep Are the Roots" for the same reason that Mr. Goulding cooked up his plot—because it makes possible a bang-up theatrical crisis.

"Deep Are the Roots," like "The Ryan Girl," is essentially a melodrama and will also probably enjoy a long as well as a not undeserved run. Possibly it will "do good." Possibly it is just as well to have our attention frequently called to such subjects even in melodramas. But there is no use calling a play something it isn't. As between "The Ryan Girl" and "Deep Are the Roots" you pay your money and you take your choice. Fundamentally both are "good theater" in the limited sense of that term.

Films

JAMES AGEE

MILDRED PIERCE." Nasty, gratifying version of the James Cain novel about suburban grass-widowhood and the power of the native passion for money and all that money can buy. Attempt made to sell Mildred as noble when she is merely idiotic or at best pathetic; but constant, virulent, lambent attention to money and its effects, and more authentic suggestions of sex than one hopes to see in American films. Excellent work by Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, and a little girl whose name I can't find who is as good an embodiment of all that is most terrifying about native contemporary adolescence as I ever hope to see. John McManus of *PM* and doubtless many others regard the film as a bad advertisement for this country abroad. As movies go, it is one of the few anywhere near honest ones, if that is of any importance; and should be signally helpful in holding down immigration to the kind of people we appear to want—people like the immeasurably swinish German family in "Girl Number 217."

"Girl Number 217." Russian story of

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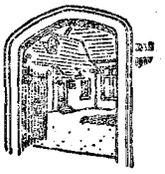

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a German family and its war-time slave. Insists, infuriatingly, that these are average Germans, implying—finally even stating—that all Germans are equally bestial and guilty. They are not average anything, but they are intelligent, powerful caricatures of the worst that can be expected of the petty bourgeois, anywhere (see above), even in Russia, where presumably they go by some other class name. Passionately acted and in general well conceived and well done; a little like Flaubert rewritten with hammer and sickle.

"The House on 92d Street." Semi-fictional telescoping of several FBI espionage jobs. Unconvincing brouhaha to the effect that this could not be released prior to Hiroshima. Convincing inadvertent suggestion that the FBI functions efficiently less through intelligence than through doggedness plus scientific equipment. Extensive and gratifying use of actual-spot shooting and re-enactment. Effective pseudo-naturalistic performances by Lydia St. Clair, Gene Lockhart, William Eythe, and others, none of whom, however, manage to suggest how spies, counterspies, and traitors who look and act like that are not identifiable to those interested at 500 paces. Unpersuasive, often skilled, generally enjoyable.

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Records

B. H. HAGGIN

COLUMBIA'S October list offers Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, played by Milstein with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony under Bruno Walter (Set 577; $4.50). Milstein's performance of the solo part has the brilliance of his virtuosity and the straightforward phrasing of his sound musicianship, but also a tenseness and drive which, carried into the orchestral part, make this a high-powered performance of a lovely work that is not suited to such treatment. Its recorded sound is spacious and clear, but cold and dull, and with occasional buzzes. The old Columbia set with the Szigeti-Beecham performance is preferable.

Then there is the Suite from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Coq d'or," played by Mitropoulos with the Minneapolis Symphony (Set X-254; $2.50). It includes some of the most charming bits of the opera—the Prelude, the Lullaby, the Dance of the Queen and King Dodon, the Bridal Procession; and it gets one of the better Mitropoulos performances. The more prominent melodic and bass lines are reproduced with sharpness and cleanness of definition, the inner parts with less clarity, and the over-all sound without the warmth and glow it should have. Also there is a marked diminution of volume and brightness at the conclusion of the Procession. I would prefer the Victor set with the Goossens-Philharmonic performance.

And then there is Virgil Thomson's "Five Portraits," played by Thomson himself with the Philadelphia Orchestra (Set X-255; $2.50). For me the music makes no interesting sense in itself, and no point as musical portraiture in the instance where I know the man who is the subject. One can hear that a first-rate orchestra is playing well; but the cold, hard sound produced by the records isn't the sound of the Philadelphia Orchestra.

For the rest there are a number of recordings by opera-singers. The baritone Martial Singher sings a group of French arias (Set 578; $4.50): popular favorites like the Toreador's Song from "Carmen," the Drinking Song from Thomas's "Hamlet," the *Vision fugitive* from Massenet's "Hérodiade"; unfamiliar arias from Lully's "Amadis" and Grétry's "Richard Coeur de Lion"; Dapertutto's *Scintille diamant* from Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffman" and the Queen Mab ballad from Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette"; and Mephistopheles's Air, Serenade, and Song of the Flea from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust." Some of these things are pleasant; the Berlioz excerpts are the only music of great consequence; and they are music which Singher does very well. His voice hasn't much sensuous beauty, and gets to be monotonous in its un-

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varying color; but his singing impresses one with its intelligence; and intelligence is a valuable asset in the performance of music that is so obviously the product of as sharp a mind as Berlioz's. The monotony comes partly from the fact that the recording places the voice prominently in the foreground and the orchestra very much in the background—though as a matter of fact the indistinct background is what these orchestral performances deserve. And the Berlioz pieces suffer greatly from this, since much of their musical life is in their orchestral parts and is not created by the nerveless, faintly heard playing of members of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra under the direction Paul Breisach. The words of the arias are not provided, as they should be.

On a single disc (71697-D; $1) are the Song to the Evening Star and Wolfram's Entry from Wagner's "Tannhäuser"—well-sung by Herbert Janssen, but deadly dull to my ears. For the first Breisach provides another flabby accompaniment with members of the Metropolitan Orchestra; with the second one hears excellent playing by the Téatro Colon Orchestra under Roberto Kinsky. So with the set (582; $2.75) in which Lily Pons sings *Caro nome* from Verdi's "Rigoletto" and *Charmant oiseau* from David's "Perle du Brésil," along with Proch's Variations: the first has a poor accompaniment by an orchestra under Pietro Cimara; the second a better one by an orchestra under Maurice Abravanel. The two pieces obviously were recorded at different times: in the second Pons's voice has a brightness that is dulled in the first, presumably by recording; her singing also has more spirit and assurance and is without the tremolo that one hears in the first.

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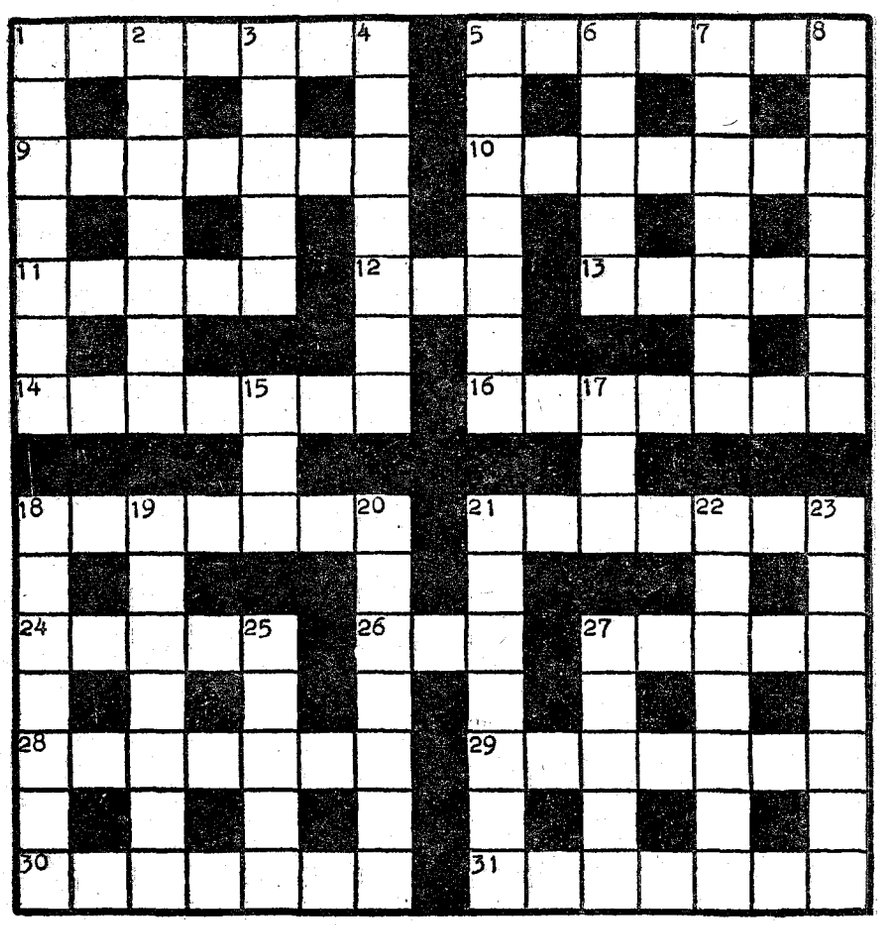

ACROSS

1 Originally a French peasant dance
5 Simple Susie tried to write an essay on one, but found she kept falling off
9 Supplying personnel is cardinal
10 They successfully invaded England
11 Vigorous
12 One test of a cigar
13 Scene of the first real battle of World War I
14 Not the kind that inhabits mud (two words, 4 and 3)
16 He advised us to hitch our wagon to a star
18 Men who go down to the sea in slips
21 More wild than the tiger-lily
24 Same again
26 Ethereal music
27 The brown variety and the Gospel was good fare, according to the Puritans
28 "He that complies against his will Is of his own ------- still"
29 The same way as U-boats go, with the help of depth bombs
30 Moscow citadel from which you get nothing back
31 Turner liked to paint these colorful spectacles

DOWN

1 Puts money on a horse that makes no effort to win
2 "What shall he have that killed the deer?"
3 Hoity's half-brother
4 Real gin (anag.)
5 To whose wailings Mr. Churchill likened the air raid siren's song
6 Might make a necklace, and might make a Christmas song
7 These jockeys hope to finish before they're off
8 Oriental in earnest
15 First lady
17 A cowardly missile—it hits you and runs
18 The cradle of the deep?
19 Small insectivorous birds
20 Irish river storied in song and verse
21 These Indian levees would have made Burr sad
22 Usually bad news when a submarine is this
23 Puts up with
25 Window which takes in the Loire
27 The bear in the famous beast-epic, *Reynard the Fox*

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 129

ACROSS:—1 ON TAP; 4 NOD; 6 CABIN; 9 SAM HILL; 10 LORELEI; 11 THEISM; 14 ROGERS; 15 TOURNEY; 16 CASK; 17 KEEP; 19 SKYLINE; 20 SLIP; 22 SWAN; 24 GYMNAST; 26 FRIARS; 27 SERIAL; 31 AMIABLE; 32 OILSKIN; 33 KELLY; 34 EVA; 35 ROYCE.

DOWN:—1 ONSET; 2 TAMPERS; 3 PRIEST; 4 NILE; 5 DULL; 6 CARBOY; 7 BELIEVE; 8 NAILS; 12 MONKEYS; 13 PRALINE; 14 REDNESS; 16 COS; 18 PEN; 21 INITIAL; 23 WHISKEY; 24 GRUBBY; 25 TELLER; 26 FRANK; 28 LANCE; 29 WERE; 30 YOGA.

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